



Printed by J. Smith

A  
V I E W  
OF THE  
Lancashire Dialect ;

By Way of DIALOGUE;

BETWEEN

*Tummas o'Williams, o'f Margit o'Roafs, an  
Meary o'Dicks, o'Tummy o'Peggy's.*

Containing the Adventures and Misfortunes of a  
LANCASHIRE CLOWN.

---

Embellished with Seven Copper Plates; one of  
which is a strong Likeness of the Author

TIM BOBBIN.

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Printed for the AUTHOR, and Mr. *Hastings*,  
Bookseller, in *Manchester*. 1775.

And Sold by the following Booksellers in *London*;  
*W. Goldsmith*, Pater-Noster-Row, *L. Davis*, and  
*W. Cater*, Holborn; *T. Payne*, next the Mews  
Gate, in Castle-Street, St. Martins; *B. White*,  
and *J. Pridden*, Fleet-Street; *S. Leacroft*, Cha-  
ring-Cross; *W. Otridge*, in the Strand; and *J.*  
*Robson*, New-Bond-Street.





Steel Engraving

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†§† This BOOK is entered in  
STATIONER'S-HALL, as the  
ACT directs.





*The following Observations may be useful to those who are Strangers to the Lancashire Pronunciation.*

**I**N some Places in *Lancashire* we sound *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example we say *far*, instead of *for*; *shart* instead of *short*; and again we say *hort*, instead of *heart*; and *port*, instead of *part*; *hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

*Al* and *All* are generally sounded broad, as *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we sound *k*, instead of *g*; as *think*, instead of *thing*; *wooink* for *wooing*, &c.

The Letter *d* at the End of Words, and the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for *wind*; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some Parts it is common to sound *ou*, and *ow* as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or *Ca*) for *Cow*. In other Places we sound the *ou* and *ow* as *eu*; as *theaw*; for *thou*; *Kearw*, for *Cow*; *Heawse*, for *House*; *Meawse*, for *Mouse*.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally retained

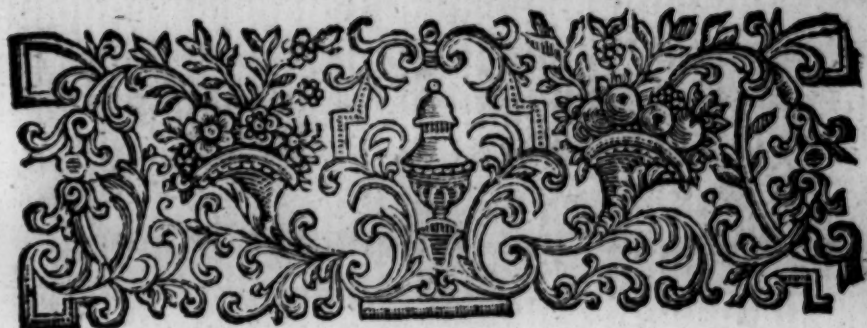
retain'd but mute ; as *hat'n*, *lov'n*, *desir'n*,  
*think'n*, *bought'n*, &c.

In general we speak quick and short ;  
 and cut of a great many Letters, and even  
 Words by Apostrophies ; and sometimes  
 found two, three or more Words as one.  
 For Instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut'*),  
 for *I'll go to* ; *runt'*, for *run to* ; *hoost*, for  
*she shall* ; *intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will* ; *I*  
*wou'didd'n*. for *I wish you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has  
 now flourish'd for near a Century, the  
 Inhabitants not only Travel, but encour-  
 age all Sorts of useful Learning ; so that  
 among Hills, and Places formerly unfre-  
 quented by Strangers, the People begin  
 within the few years of the Authors Ob-  
 servations to speak much better English.  
 If it can properly be called so.







# R E A D E R.

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th'  
*Eawther* and his *Buk*.

---

TIM BOBBIN enters by his fell,  
beawt Wig; Grinning on scratting his nob.

Tim. **G**OOD loijus deys, whot woso Times ar' theese!  
Pot-baws ar scant, an dear is Seawl an Cheese!  
Eawr Gotum Guides hus seely Sheep dun rob;  
Oytch Publick Trust is choynge'd into a Job;  
Leys, Taxes, Customs, meyn our-plucks to throb!  
Yet I'm war thrutch'd, between two arran Rogues,  
For bigger Skeawndrills never treed o' Brogues,  
Than Finch an Stuart---Strawngers to aw reet,  
They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?  
This meys me neaw, to cross theese Rascots eends.  
To send agen to my owd trusty Friends:  
For Truth is Truth, tho't favours like a Pun,  
I'm poor God-wot---

*Buk*. Heaw so?

*Tim*. My Crap's aw done!

*Buk*. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo!

Whot pleagu't withh' owd Company?  
 Rime an Poverty agen! Neaw een the Dule  
 Scrat o'---I thowt idd'n go bank· for yoar  
 Sib to thoofe Gotum tikes otteth complen'n  
 so, on ar nee'r satisfy'd,

*Tim.* Whooas tat tee owd Friend? I  
 thowt teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-  
 mad, weh thoofe Foster Feathers o'thine,  
*Stuart, Finch, an Schofield. o' Middlewich*

*Buk.* Ne beleady naw I; I'd scorn't  
 touch fitch Powsmements with Tungs.

*Tim.* Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot  
 tat Creawsetike *Stuart*, and Clummerheads  
 \* *Finch, an Schofield*, han donn'd oytch on  
 um a Bantling eh three o' the kest-off Jumps,  
 and think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok? It's fitch  
 wark os 'tis ot meys met' scrat where eh  
 dunnaw Itch, hears to me?

*Buk.* Yigh yigh; I've heard on't; boh  
 the Dule ride humpstridd'n o' begging, o'  
 thoofe ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a  
 Gillhooter, sey I.

*Tim.* E, lack o' dey! Belike theaw does  
 naw know ot thoofe ott'n Steyl win lye:  
 an ot teyn mey no bawks o' telling fok, ot  
 teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits; an to  
 clench it, they'n shew ther Whelps e' the  
 owd Petch-wark-jump---an hew then?

*Buk.* Ney this is a Cutter too-too! a  
 woso.

woso Bleffin indeed ! Boh ister no wey o cumming meet with um ? s'flesh I'd Rime on um, or summot---Yoar us't e cudd'n a Rim't.

*Tim.* Odds fish ; they're partly like Karron Crows, mon ; they're naw worth me Shot.

*Buk.* But hark o', tell me one think ; dunneh aim at sending me cawt agen on another tramp ?

*Tim.* Wuns eigh ; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a Tup's a Sheep.

*Buk.* Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at Piggin if e pede for Garthing ; do yo' clap some pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh' plene Print hand, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum.

*Tim.* I did Berm up some Rimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's* Shop e Wiggin ; boh they're fitch rackless dozing Gawbies ; ot I think o sharp Red-whot Whotyel wou'd naw prick a Priate's Conscience ; for theyn nother Feeling, Scheme, nor Grease !

*Buk.* Do as I bid o' for wonst ; let's leet heav't will.

*Tim.* Whau, weh aw my Heart---boh howd ;

howd ; le me see its none so good t' begin  
o Riming, ot I see on---hum---neaw for't.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,  
Our ruling Men are only Th—es of State.

*Buk.* Howd howd howd the Dickons  
tak o'---! I see whot's topmost ; yoan be  
hong'd or some Mischief---on then aw'll  
be whooup with o' efeath !

*Tim.* Not e Goddil belike !---dust think  
fo---? 'flid boh I hete honging---do thee  
set ogete then.

*Buk.* Whau, I'll begin o thifs'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart*—! sniftering *Finch*! yoknown,  
Virtue has laft o'—Truth is fro o' flown !  
Pirate's a Name—

*Tim.* Whot te Dule art' woode---  
Whot il't doo weh this Whiffo whaffo  
Stuff? dust think Rime mun owlus tawk  
stump Loncashire?

*Buk.* Eigh, why naw : let um speyk  
greaddy os we done e Godsnum.

*Tim.* Ne ne ; ittle naw doo ; to mitch  
of owi's good for nowt ; heawe'er in't  
wou'd hav' umt' meeon some heaw o that'n,  
theyd'n bettert'be o thifs'n

Ah, doughty *Stuart*! worthy *Finch*! you know  
Virtue's a Bubble—Honesty a Shew !  
Pirate's a Name, you're not asham'd to own  
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto Tim's all one.

Such



Such Men as these for gaining of Groat  
If screen'd by Law—wou'd—

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast !

*Buk.* Then yoar fast with a little cfeath ;  
for I con lose o' e that point.

*Tim.* Le me see---ho, neaw I height,  
it's be,

Slash ther Neighbour's Coat.

*Buk.* Ne byth' Lord Harry shall it naw ;  
if I mun rule ; for it's be,

Cut ther Neighbour's Throat.

*Tim.* Whau whau, with aw my heart ;  
boh let *Stuart*, *Finch*, and *Schofield*, thoofe  
Bellweathers, an *Hitch*, and *Haws* ; ther  
sheepish Followers ley ther Sows together,  
an tey which they lik'n best.

*Buk.* Well well its cleverly Rim'to *Tim*  
heawe'er, let't be whether it will : whot  
an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo !

*Tim.* Well boh we'n had enough o this  
foisty matter ; lets tawk o' summot  
elze ; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on  
eh the last jaunt ?

*Buk.* Go a on ! beleady, I cou'd ha  
gon on weantly, on bin o whoam ogen  
with Crape meh Slop in a snift ; if id  
naw met at oytech nook, thoofe bastertly  
Whelps sent eawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an  
*Schofield*.

*Tim.*



*Tim* Pooh---I dunnaw meeon heaw fok harbort'n't or cuttertn't o'er thee ; boh whot thoofe fawfe Lunnoners sed'n abeawt te Jump ot's new Over-bodyt ?

*Buk.* Ho ha---neaw I height ; yo mee-on'n thoofe lung feetit fok ot glooar'n. fecont time a tBuks ; an whooa I'r feer'd woud rent me Jump to Chatters. \*

*Tim.* Reet mon reet---that's hit---

*Buk.* Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a Gorse wagging ; for they took'n me ith' reetleet too a hure.

*Tim.* Heaw's tat e Godsnum ?

*Buk.* Why or yoad'n donn'd me a thifs'n like a Meawntebanks foo, for th' wonst, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

*Tim.* E, law ! on did'n the awvsh shap, an the Pecklt jump pan, sed'n the ?

*Buk.* Eigh eigh primely efeath---! for the glooar'nt sooar at me ; turn't me reawnt like a Tealier, when e measers fok ; chuck't me under th' Chin ; game a honey-butter-cake, on sed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a queer shap, an a peckl't jump, gee better eh ther live †

*Tim.* Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I---  
theese

---

\* The Reviewers

† For understanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly Review*, for Dec. 1750, pa. 156.

theese wur'n th' boggarts ot flayd'n thee!  
but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gon-  
norheeds.

*Buk.* Gonnerheeds! now now not te  
marry: boh I carrit me sell meety meeverly  
tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

*Tim.* Then theaw tow'd um th' tele, an  
sed th' Rimes, an aw, did to?

*Buk.* Th' Tele an th' Rimes! 's flesh I  
believe e did, boh I know no moor on  
um neaw, than a seawking-pig.

*Tim.* Od rattle the; whot seys to! has  
to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon;  
an th' Rimes!

*Buk.* Quite, quite; as e hope to chieve!

*Tim.* Neaw ee'n the Dule steawnd te  
sey I! whot a fufs mun I hav' to teytch  
um the ogen!

*Buk.* Come come, dunnaw fly up in a  
frap; o body connow carry oytch mander  
o think e ther Nob.

*Tim.* Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw  
gawmbling tike, otto con tell th tele, and  
seyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

*Buk.* Fear me naw, sed Doton; begin.

*Tim.* A Tealier e Crummil's time wur  
thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on  
fund en Urchon ith' Had-loont-reean;  
he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt  
on't

on't. He whoavt his Whisket oe'rt, runs Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God newer mede cawt ; for it, had nother heead nor tele ; Hont nor Hough ; midst nor eend ! Loath t' believe this, hoave a Duzz'n on um wou'd geawtsee if they coud'n mey shift t' gawm it, boh is capt um aw ; for they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a Keawnfil, anth'eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm. fawse, owd Felly ; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think ; for they look'nt on him as th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o Leetthin a Glow-worm's A---se. When they'dn towd him th' kese, he stroakt his Beeart ; Sowght ; an ordert' th' Wheelbarrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be fotcht. 'Twur dun, and the beawlt'nt him away toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart att a good while ; droyd his Beeart deawn, an wawtitit o'er with his Crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side sed he, for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles, steart att agen, on- Sowghing sed ; Breether, its summot : Boh Feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd Kerfun it ---Wheel me Whoam ogen.

*Buk.* I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch Body cou'd naw ; for I find neaw ot yo com pare'n me too an Urchon, ot has noather Heead nor Tele ; 'Sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to Bobberfome ?

*Tim.* Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd understond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

*Buk.* 'Th Rimes---hum---le me see--- Sblid, I foryeat'n thoofe too, I deawt !

*Tim.* Whoo-who who whoo ! whot a 'dozening Jobberknow at teaw !

*Buk.* Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con ; con the ! Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh Hoyd titely, sey I.

*Tim.* Mind te hits then.

Some write to shew their Wit and Parts.

Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* Hearts.

Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,

And some are *M---st---l* Tools.

*Buk.* Eigh marry, oytchbody seys so--- an Gonnorheoods they are forther Labbor.

*Tim.* Some few in Virtue's Cause do write,  
But these, alas ! get little by't.

*Buk.* Indeed I con believe o'----Wheel  
tim't heawe'er----gooa on.

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But these, alas ! get little by't.

*Buk.* Indeed I con believe o'----Wheel  
rim't heawe'er----gooa on.

B

*Tim.* Some

*Tim.* Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head,  
Which die, before their *Author's* dead

*Buk.* Zuns! Aw *Englandshire'll* think  
at yoarglenting at toose Fratching, Byzen,  
Craddinly Taykes, as writ'n sich Papers  
osth' *Test!* and sich Cawf-teles as *Cornish*  
*Peter*, ot fund a New Ward, Snying welh  
Glums and Gawries.

*Tim.* Some write such Sense in *Prose* and *Rhime*,  
Their works will *wrestle hard*, with Time.

*Buk.* That will be prime wroftling  
efeath,---for I've heard um sey. Time con-  
quers aw Things.

*Tim.* Some few print *Truth*, but many *Lies*,  
On *Spirits*---down to *Butterflies*.

*Buk.* Reet abeawt Boggarts---on th'  
tother Ward---on Mon ith' Moon, an  
fitch like Geer :-----Get Eendwey ; its  
prime Rime efeath.

*Tim.* Some write to *please*, some do't for *Spite*,  
But want of *Money* makes me write.

*Buk.* By th' Miss th'owd story ogen,  
boh I think e meh Guts at it's true---ittle  
doo--yo need'n Rime no more, for it is  
better in lickly--Whewt on Tummus on  
Meary.



Enter



Enter TUMMUS and MEARY.

**T**UM. Odds me Meary! whooa the Dickons wou'd o' thowt o' leeting o' thee here so foyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

*Mea.* Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had fitch o'traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o' Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to stur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, an the Dule steawnd im for a Brindl'tCur, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw fitch o' Moonshine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

*T.* Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

*M.* Not awlus o' Goddil.---But whot meys o't'sowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene see o'wick an hearty.

*T.* Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargain

o't im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deod os o Dur Nele be this awer ; for th' last oandurth boh one me Measter had lik't o killt meh : on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt withur Measter ?

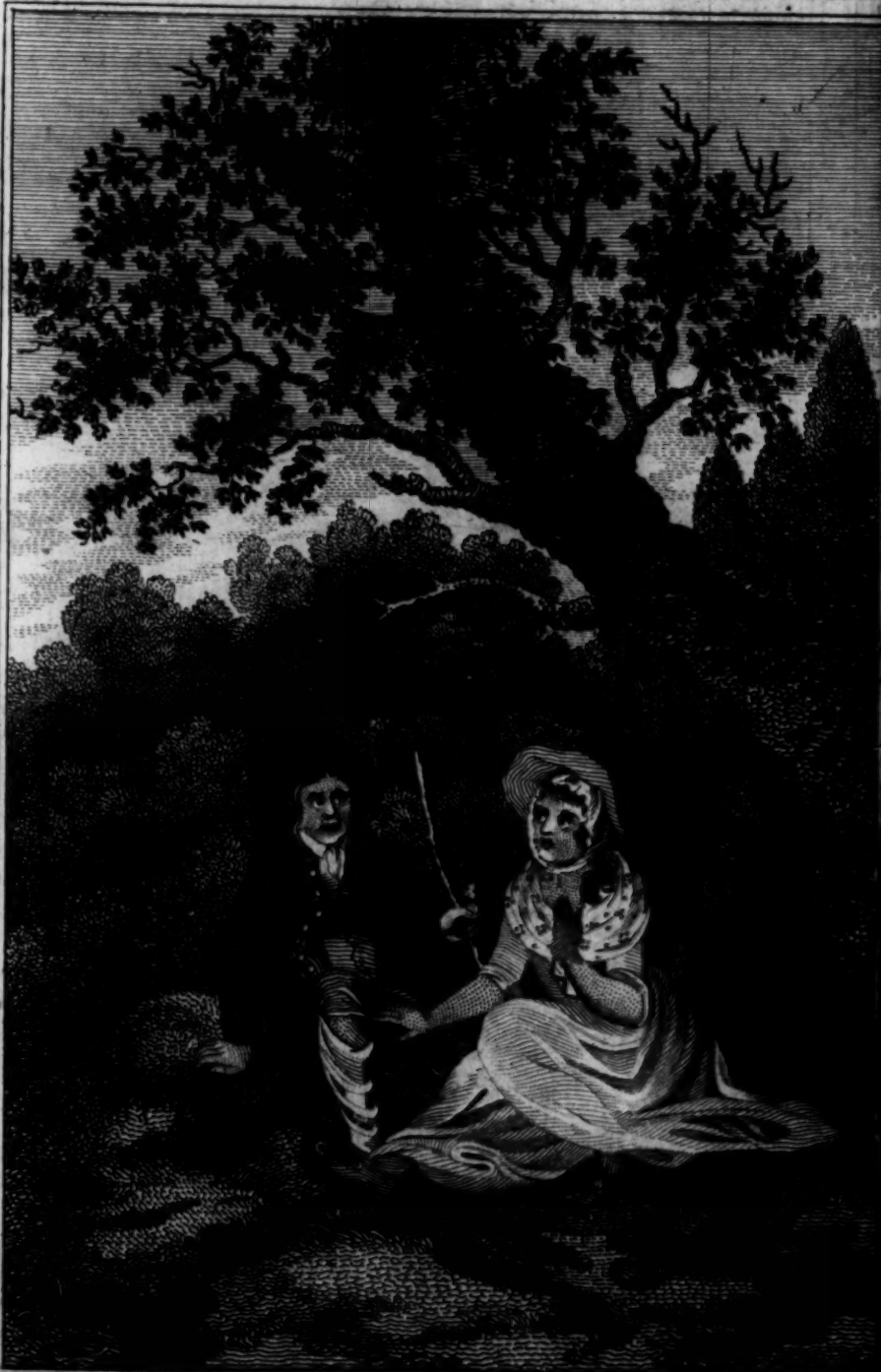
T. Whot ! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey !---For whot dust think' ? bo'th' tother Day boh Yusterday, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-eends ; on I munt oather breed Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve---Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither ; on had o mind on o Jawnt : so I donn'd meh Sundeay Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve ; and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch Nip went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill Luck Tummus.

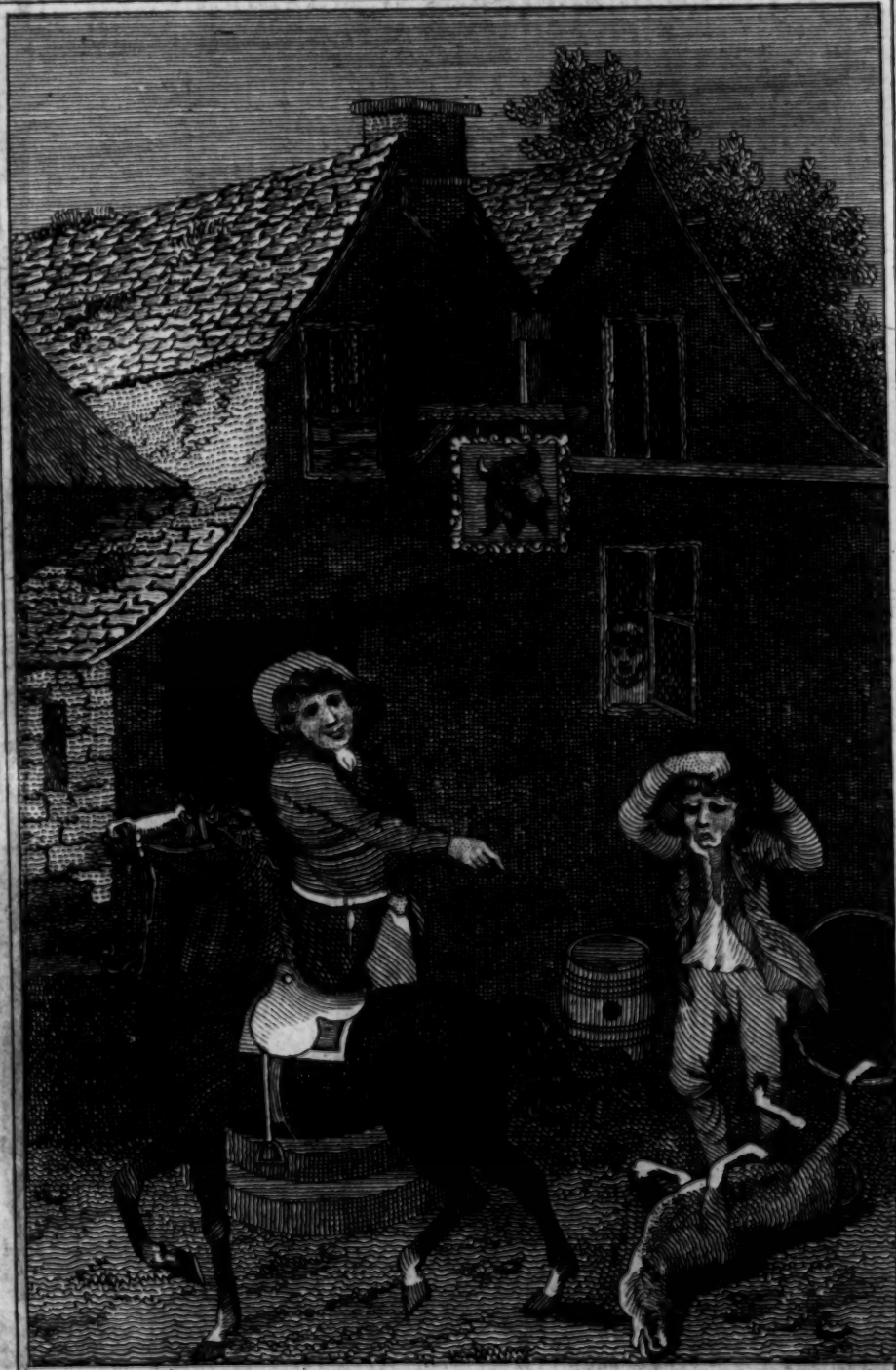
T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known ; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thorn, let's keawer us deawn











deawn oth Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut Ratchdaw : So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on feet eawt ; on went o greath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth Teawn ; when os the Dule woud height, o *Tit* wur stonning ot an Eleheawse Dur ; on me Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) took th' *Tit* for it Mother, on woud need seawk her : On I believe th' foolish Tooad of a *Tit* took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it ; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deod os o Nit !

M. E Lord ;---whot o Trick wur that !

T. Trick ! Odds flesh, fitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englonfshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet ? Yoad'n be quite brok'n !

T. Doo ! what cou'd eh do ? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle ; for me Measter moot ha had feignteen

B. 3.

Shillings

Shillings on fufepence for't th' yeandurth  
ofore.

M. On didney lecof it ith' Lone ?

T. Ne Meary ; I'r naw fitch o Gawby  
os tat coom too noather : For as luck  
wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Ele-  
heawfe, on he coom eawt when he heard  
meh Kawve bawh. Boh eftid o being  
fooary, when he faigh it fprawling oth  
Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron feet up o  
Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for fhawm  
tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of  
Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap ;  
for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, tow'd  
me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot  
Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat  
for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny  
Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be : but I'd naw  
geet im : For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd  
berrit meh feln ; I'r thrunk shoaving it  
in when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle,  
ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War ; fo I'd flee  
it ; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet  
on bo'th' Buther's, on the spoytfoo Tike,  
wou'd naw lecond it me : Neaw Meary,  
what cou'd onny Mon doo ?

M Doo ! Fft o gon fark Woode.

T. I be-

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon-  
elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my  
kese: So I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur  
to tyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carculs, on-  
geh meh throtteen Pence: So I geet th'  
Bras, on went endway with Keaw.

M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot  
yoar'n gooing a sleeveless Arnt; on at-  
felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawfes  
within two tumbles of a Leawse; for it  
wur lung, on lung, ofore eh wou'd:  
Boh when I tow'd him heawt wur knock  
oth Sow, with a Tit Coak'n os he coom,  
on that he moot order weh meh  
Measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung-  
length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd  
o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Pepper  
for eawr Fok, on went toart Whoamogen.

M. With o fearfoo heyvy Heart I'll  
uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true--boh whottle  
to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit  
Kawve; boh fowd it et *Owdum* that Oan-  
durth, for two pence haw penny o  
Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur  
fere cheeoting: but it's meet like their  
rascotly Tricks; for there's not an honest

Booan



Booan ith Hoyde o newer o greasy Tyke  
on um aw.

*T.* Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind ;  
for it wur reet Rank : Boh I think eh  
meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os  
thick, as Wasps in o Hummabee-neest.

*M.* Its not tell, buh I'll marvil straunge-  
ly an yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

*T.* Alack o dey theaw knows boh lit-  
tle oth matter.-----Boh theawst hear-----i'd  
naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a  
Mile or so, ofore eh saigh o Parcel o Lads  
on Hobbetyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-  
Wife : When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd  
naw gawm what tearn obeawt ; for two  
on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Shilders,  
onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on  
*Hal o' Nab's* ith' *Midge lone* had his Knockus  
lapt in his Barmskin : Awth' rest on um  
had Hoyts, or lung Kibhoccs, like swing-  
ing Sticks or Raddlings.

*M.* I th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n,  
the for ?

*T.* Nowt ots owt theaw mey be sure, if  
that hawmpoing tyke Hal wur weh um :  
Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last  
Shearing-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geete  
thear Churn ; this feme Scap-gallows wur  
tean eh thear Pleawmtre ; on wur en  
fitch.

fitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot  
he fell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his  
Leg.

M. O wrang joyrt hong im : I know  
him weel enough, for th' last great Snow  
he'ur for honging o Hare e some hure  
Gillers ; on throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer  
in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra feme--- So I asht him what  
tearn far ? Why fed he, ween meet neaw  
seen on Ewfly thro' yon Leawp hoyle into  
th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur : Come  
Tum (fed he) Egad, ifle geaw with us,  
theawst see fitch gam os tha newer saigh eh  
the live : Beside theawst howd the Riddle ;  
---fed I, I know naw whot to mecons be  
howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw  
meh heart intle teytch meh ; I con show  
the in a crack fed he : So owey we went,  
on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles,  
on th' Slifters ith Leath Woughs full o  
Awts ; then we recart th' Steeigh sawfly  
ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl hoyle.  
Neaw Lads---(fed Hal) mind yer hits : I'll  
lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo  
cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith'  
hoyle : Tum o'William's mun clime th'  
Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth' Leawp  
hoyle, on howd the Riddle cloyse on't.  
Awth-

Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't---So owey they seete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I----

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on smackt me Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um sey; see o, see o, hoos tear!---Shu sed one; Shu, sed another.----Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey go mad. I thowt it wer rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal Monfaigh: So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh---I lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo bizzy scratting hur A---se o one o'th' strines, ---'Sflesh, thinks It' meh seln hool ha me deawn eend neaw:---Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine on' didney let hur goa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean---boh I con. heardly tell.

tell the I'm---so waughish---for I'm readyt  
cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur  
non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,---not teear---it wus  
nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd  
Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther  
Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge  
coom eh me fease weh fitch o ber, ot o  
fumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel  
off th' Steeigh: Boh moor be choance thin  
onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo  
wey fitch o Soltch; ot I think eh meh  
guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt  
in I wur.

M. Elord! whot o wofoo faw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, faw eigh; for I thowt id  
brok'n th' Crupper-booan o meh A--fe,  
boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no  
hurt boh th' tone Theawm stunnisht, on  
th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh  
knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly  
powfements! I'f o bin stark-giddy at um,  
on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or  
onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry  
Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't  
rawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bul-  
locking



Awth' rest mun be Fowlerers, on flay hur into't---So ovey they seete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I---

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M. Odds mine on' didney let hur goa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean---boh I con. hardly tell

tell the I'm---fo waughish---for I'm readyt  
cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur  
non tey Meary.

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T. Now, now,---not tear----it wus  
nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd  
Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther  
Breeches in't : on that Hodge-Podge  
coom eh me fease weh fitch o ber, ot o  
fumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel  
off th' Steeigh : Boh moor be choance thin  
onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo  
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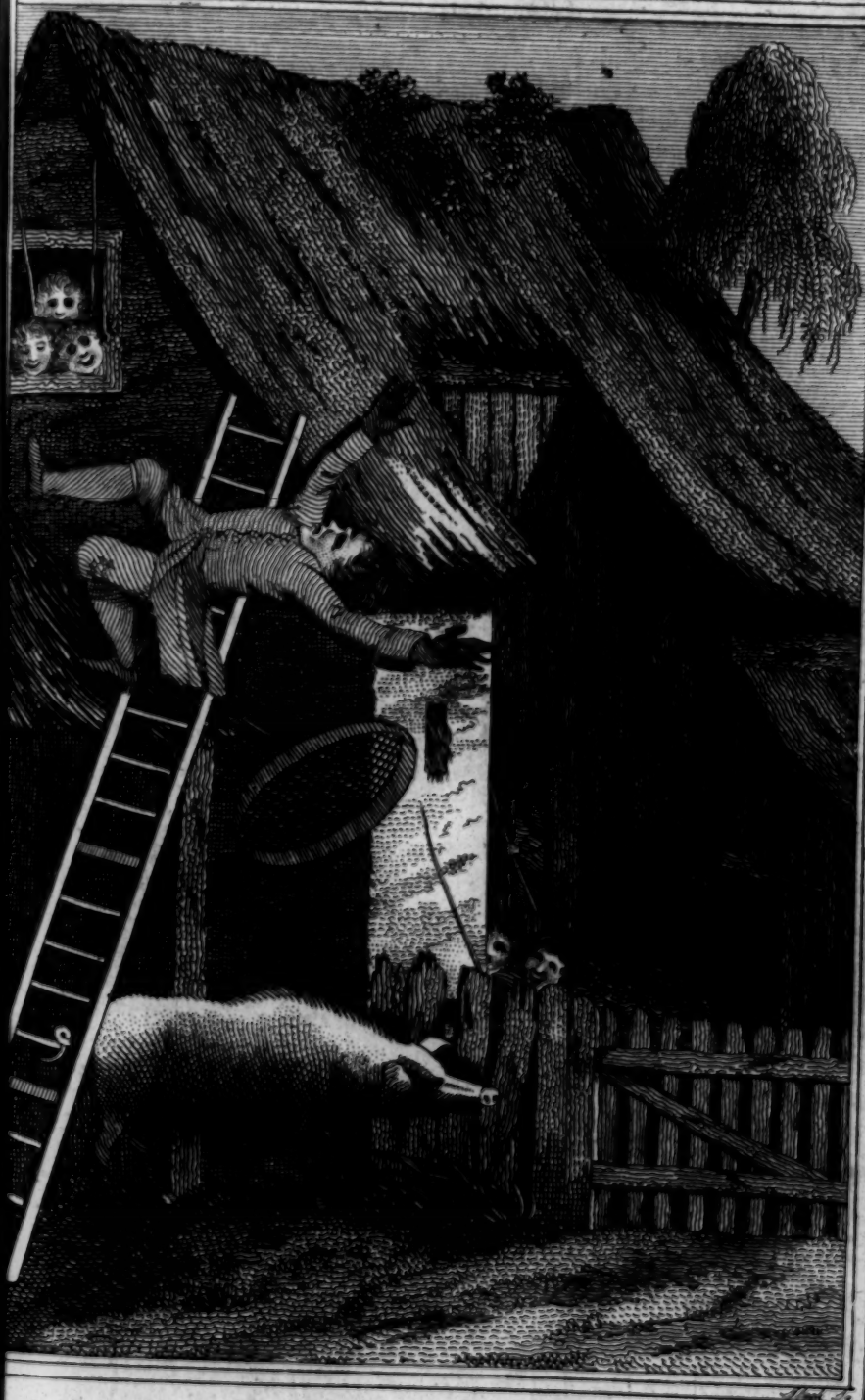
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powfements ! I'ft o bin stark-giddy at um,  
on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or  
onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry  
Mon's not a Witch : Heaweer I hawmpo't  
rawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bul-  
locking

locking basturts; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they for they'r naw cropp'n intoth' Leath; on th' Durs os sefe os *Beeft'n* Castle: Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh: Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar i'st o set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' Sookept fitch o skrieking Reeking din, os if hur back wure teaw ch two spots, ot I durst stey no longer for fear o fumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur deeth: so I scamspoot owey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn: On ran o Milech that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: On aw little enough too; for I think eh meh guts I'll stink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum*.

M. Neaw een be meh troath! I thowt ye favort'n fearfoo strung 'on o Yarb: Boh when aw's done *Tummus*, this Killing o'th Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary*; far I oather angurt some He Witch, or  
the







the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Morning when eh geete up: Far Misfartins coom on me os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip: On I wud hur Neek had bin brock'n eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt-far mee (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly washt, on settl't meh! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felly in o blackish Wigg; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip: Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so's ne'er o Dogith' Teawn: for be meh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f--t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys sin. I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *Bandyhewit*; on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. ---- Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God fargi' meh) on sell im meh *Sheep-Cur* for o *Bandyhewit*; tho, I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw sed I, hoose  
C primely

primely bred ; for hur Moother coom fro *Lunnun*, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Master's ; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *England-shiar*, I'll fell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus* ! Whot sed eh then ?

T. Wau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur ? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve o Gowd, sed I ; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur : Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Justice---Justice hum---le me see.---But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on o Rascot, as weel oft rest) he'll be sene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to ; wur it naw ?

T. Yigh' meeterly.---Then I asht im whot Wey he munt gooa ? On he towld meh : On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart as leet os o bit on o Flaight ; on carrit Nip under meh Arm ; for neaw theaw mun understond I'r fear o loysing hur ; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough, t' pay meh Master for th' Kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish ! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus*.

T. Whau

**T** Whau, boh theawst hear : it wur  
 o dree Wey too-to ; heawe'er I geete there  
 by three o'Clock ; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur,  
 I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy  
 me Nese weh, t' let him see heaw I floart  
 hur.---Then I opp'nt Dur ; on who te  
 Dule dust think, boh three little tyney  
*Bandyhewits* : os I thowt then coom Weaw-  
 ghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha  
 worrit meh, on after that swollut meh  
 whick. Then there coom o fine freshcul-  
 lert Wummon ot keckt as stiff as if hood  
 swallut a Poker, on I took hur for o hoo  
 Justice, hoor so meety fine :---For I heard  
*Rotshot o' Jack's*, o'Yem's tell meh Measter,  
 that th' hoo Juslices awlus did mooast o'th'  
 Wark.---Heawe'er, I axthur if Mr. Justice  
 wur o Whoam ; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur  
 Meawth t' feyeigh, or now ; boh simpurt  
 on sed ifs, (the Dickons ifs'ur on him too)  
 sed I, I wuldidd'n tell him I'd fene speyk  
 too 'im.

**M.** Odd, boh year'n bowd ; i'ft o bin  
 timmerfome :---But let's know heaw ye  
 went'n on.

**T.** Whau, weell enough, for theawmey  
 Nip, on Cheeot os ill os one other Clarks  
 on they'n naw-meddle with the ; boh theaw



mun naw frump, nor teeos um, for they  
hate to be vexed.

M. Boh heaw went'n yeon?----Wurth'  
Justice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh  
whot he wantut? Whau, fed I, i've o  
varra fine *Bandyhewit* t' sell, on I hear yo  
want'n one Sur:----Humph----fed he----a  
*Bandyhewit*----prethee let's look at.----Yigh  
faid I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on  
hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on fed;  
hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore  
o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummas*! yo cud'n naw  
mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh  
yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed fed th' Justice;  
on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on  
hur Yusterdey: For o Felly coom, on I  
bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o  
Ginny; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o  
Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh  
cou'd leet on a Chapmon, fed I. Hoos  
roytchly worth it, fed he, on I think, I con  
tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur,  
if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good  
neatert Justice, wur he naw?

T. E. Meary

T. E, Meary ; theaw tawks like o feely. Ninnyhommer : For tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o Mon deeols weh rascotly fok : Boh as i'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt two Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Rachdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh Arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart thew meh be shure : On boh os eh, thowt he cou'd asfelt sell hur eh this tother Pleck, it wou'd sartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord blefs us ! it wur lik't trouble o meetily !

T. Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sapplling Brigo'er it. As it had reint th' Neet afore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful ; tho' it wur feggur o deeol i'th Mourning ; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough slipt, on deawn coom I, Arsyversy, weh Nip eh me Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur sell'n, on flasket int' eh geete how'd on o Sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n ; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer

see Tum ogen : For be meh troth I'r welly  
werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus. Deys ! th' like wur  
never ! this hadlik't to shad awth' tother !  
on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for  
it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw  
Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw,  
noather : Boh theaw meh be shure I'r  
primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh  
could fye : Beside i'd no Com to keem  
meh Hure, so ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt  
Mease in o Mon.

M. Beside, yoar'n be as cowd os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non  
Mough'n : Boh theawst hear. I'd naw  
gone oboon o Stone's thrut ; esore eh  
wundurt whot teh Pleague wur th' matter  
wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five  
hundurt Pissmotes wur eh me Breechus :  
I loast um deawn' boh cou'd see nowt ot  
wur whick : on yet I lookt as rey os o  
flead Meawse ; (for were seln beawt th'  
scrat at my Measter's) 'Sflesh, i'r ready t'  
gooa woode on knew new whot eh ealt :  
-----On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. Ewea's me ! i'd freeat'n that too ! I  
deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite  
marr'd :

marr'd: Its true, I went Wigglety-Wag-  
glety, for an Eawer or so, ofore i'r ogreath-  
ogen: On when he geet reet, on coom t'  
groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh sawt,  
the Dule o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur  
aw run owey---On new it jumpt into meh  
Mindot I saigh two rott'n Pynot (Hongum)  
ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad  
Fartin: Far I heard my Gronny fey,  
hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os  
two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh Noant Margit, on  
o meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar  
os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth.  
Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with  
smart, on one think on onother, i're so  
stract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh  
Heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts eawt: On  
then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt: For  
be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed *Tummus* I believe o; boh o  
lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha  
bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one  
cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r  
weet Glooas; wur'ney naw whelly pa-  
rish?



T. Yigh be me troth; I dithert of meh  
 Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that  
 wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r  
 beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five  
 or fufe Mile fro Whoam: So that I maun-  
 dert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd  
 naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os-  
 weel o bin in o Noon: On in id howd'n  
 up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't  
 in he con see o Fleigh o thee neaw; on  
 here it wur I geet into a Gate: For I thowt,  
 I heard summot coming, an if Truth mun  
 be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh  
 Hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I  
 noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummas*, no marvil ot o wur  
 so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't  
 an up speek I---Whooas tat; A Lad's  
 Voice answert in a crying Din, elaw,  
 dunnaw tey meh; dunnaw-tey-meh; now,  
 sed I, I'll naw-tey the, Belead y: Whooas  
 Had art to? ---Whau, sed he, i'm Jone's  
 o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's  
 o'Nethons: o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms,  
 an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks i't  
 meh self, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me:  
 An here Meary I cou'd naw boh think  
 whot lung Nemes sum on us han; for  
 thinner

thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this  
Lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it  
dockt mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung  
Nemes leet'n?

T. Um---m--mn, le meh see--I connaw  
tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell  
fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with  
him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkert-  
ly) i'd ash him for th' wonst whot Un-  
coth's he heard sturrink. I here none, but  
ot Jack o'Ned's tow'd meh, ot Sam's o'Jacks  
o Yeds Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'  
Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink  
Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on.  
Then I alht him where Jack o'Ned's woo-  
ant? seys he, he's 'Prentice weh Isaac o'  
Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on he'd  
bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith'  
Dingles for hooave a Peawnd o Treacle t'  
seaws'n a Beest-puddink weh on his Fea-  
ther and Moother wooan at *Rossendow*,  
boh his Gronney's alive an wooans weh  
his Noant Margery a Grinfilt, at Pleck  
where his nown Mother coom fro. Good  
Lad, sed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough*.  
off; For I aint' see it to Neet if he con-  
bit.

hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on  
yo mun keep streight forrad o yer Life  
Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thifs'n  
we partit; but I mawkiint, an lost me  
Gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er Yetes  
on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, til eh  
coom to this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill  
breed ogen, for I thowt i'd seen a Boggart;  
boh it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo,  
resting im on o Stoop ith' Lone. As soon  
os eh cou'd speyk for wnackering, I asht  
him where ther wur on Eleheawse? On  
he shoad meh: I went in on fund tn two  
fat troddy Fok wun'nt teer: On theyd'n  
some oth' warst fratchingst Cumpany, or  
e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, ban-  
ning, on cawing on onother leawsy  
Eawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood  
o Cricket, on keawrt meh deawn ith'  
Nook, o side oth' Hob: i'd no soyner done  
so, boh o feaw feawr lookt Felley, with  
o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont,  
slapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt seas't  
Mon, sitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw  
varra reecht ogen with; on deawn he  
coom oth' Harstone, on his Heed ith  
Efshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o  
hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt,  
on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on  
unlucky.

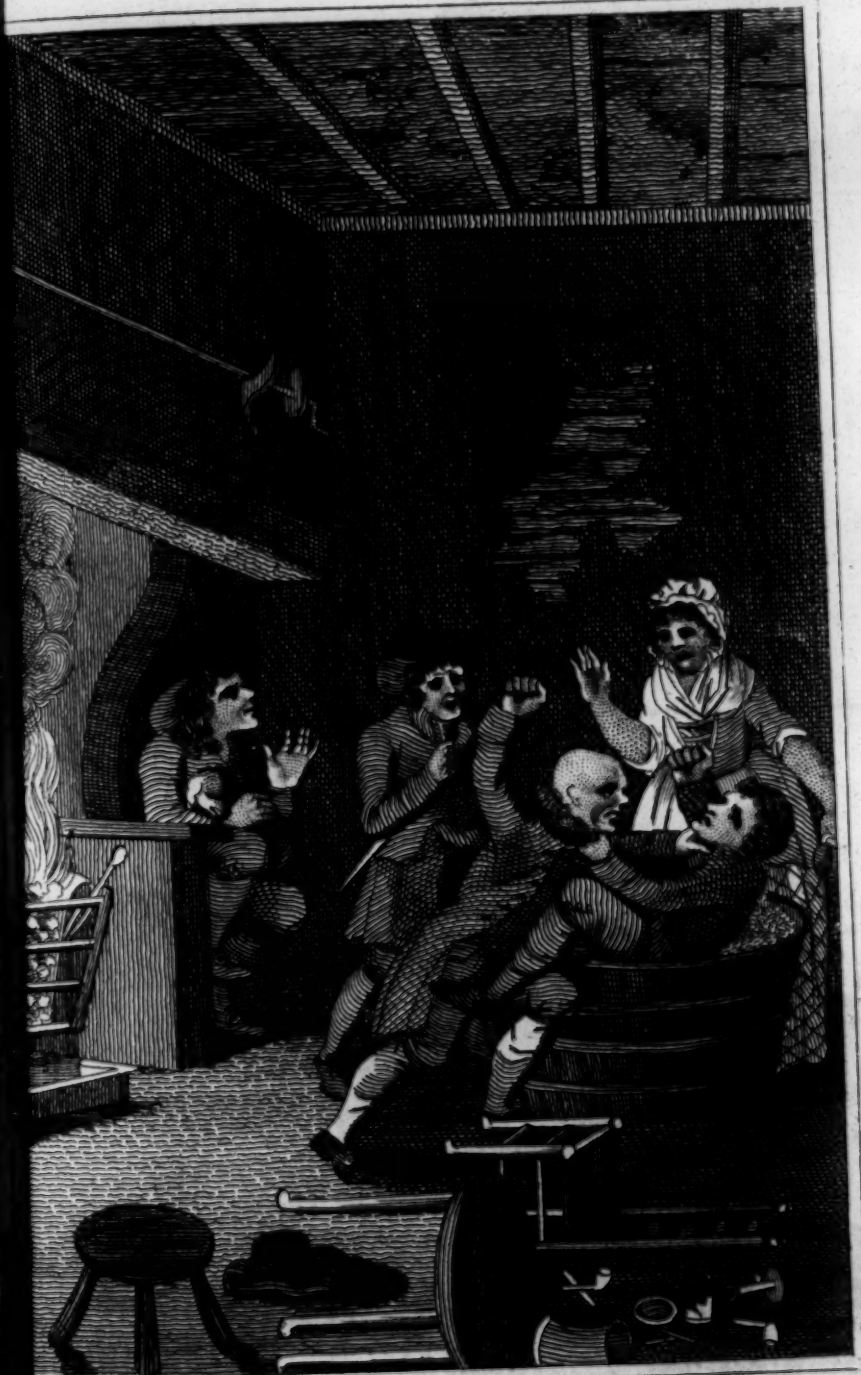
unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it flipt  
 o'er his Sow, on lee like o hawmbark on his  
 shilders. I glendurt like a flikt Tup, for  
 fear on o dust meh feln: On crope fur  
 into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot  
 Mezzil fease wou'd mey a Flittink on't,  
 on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n  
 ewt a Doctor a Doctor, while others  
 mead'n th' Landlort go Saddle th' Tit to  
 fotch one. While this wur e dooink,  
 some on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor  
 ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd'im th Mon  
 oth' Harstone. He leyd how'd on his  
 Arm to feel his Pulse I geawse, an pood,  
 os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother  
 Arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him:  
 After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he  
 geete fro his Whirly booans, and fed to  
 um aw, while his Heart beeots an his  
 Blood sarclates there's Hopes, boh when  
 that stops its whooup with him cseath.  
 Mezzil fease hearink summon o' whooup,  
 startit to his Feet, stote none, boh gran  
 like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black  
 swarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on  
 wawtit him o'er into th Gal keer, ful o  
 new Drink wortching: He begun o poss-  
 ing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur  
 blendit i'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary?  
 theaw'd



theaw'd o bepis't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th  
 Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n  
 him eawt; and whot o Hobthrust eh lookt  
 weh aw that Berm obeawt im : He kept  
 droying his Een. Boh he moot as weel ha  
 fowtum in his A----e, tinth' Lonledy had  
 mede an Eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot Pump :  
 When he coom in ogen, he glooart aw-  
 vishly ot Mezzil fease; on Mezzil fease  
 glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh  
 noather warrit, nor thrapt : So they seete  
 um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom  
 in, on wou'd mey um't pey farth lumber  
 ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be  
 o Creawn, fed hoo; beside, there's two  
 Tumblers, three Quisting Pots, on four  
 Pipes masht, on o how Papper o Bacca  
 shed : This mede 'umt glendor ot tone to-  
 ther ogen; but black Tyke's Passion wur  
 coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbe  
 had quietnt tohter; soot teh camm'd little  
 or none; boh agreed i'pey aw mecon,  
 then seet'n um deawn, on wur Friends  
 ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark;  
 on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Mearey;  
 for Berm's o howsome Smell : Heawe'er,  
 when aw wur sattl't, I crope nath' Foyar  
 ogen;





ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully  
for I'r booath coud on weet, os well as  
hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yomootn weell;  
boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n  
Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough;  
but theowst hear moor o that een na. So I  
I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele;  
on hoo browt me some Hog-mutt'n on  
special Turmits; on as prime Veeol on  
Pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip  
neaw on then o Lunshun, boh Tum took  
Care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for  
I eet like o *Yorshar-Mon*, en clecart th'  
Stoo.

M Well done Tumms! yoad'n sure  
need no Ree supper; for yo shadd'n Wry-  
not, on slanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on  
drank me Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw  
greaddy fleckt, I cawd for another, on  
bezzilt tat too; for I'r, os droy as Soot:  
On as't wur t' lete t'gooa anny whither  
weh meh Bitch, I asked th' Londledey in  
eh cou'd stay aw Neet; Hoo tow'd meh I  
moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw,  
innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the  
ko hoo? Whot ar to fecard o Boggarts,



or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw  
 sleep beawt o Pap? 'Sflesh, fed I, whot  
 ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho,  
 ho; if that be aw fed hoo Margit s't shew  
 the: So Margit leet o Condle, on shewd  
 meh o wisley Reawm, on o Bed weh  
 Curtnurs forsuth: Ithowt Margit pottert on  
 fettlt lung i'th Choamber ofore ho last it;  
 on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o  
 tufsling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r  
 so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no settle for  
 Catterweawing: So I fed nowt too 'ur:  
 Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggle-  
 tele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Lofs  
 os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kemeawt, like enough, why  
 not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honfome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er,  
 when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon  
 on Hoyse, on me doage Clooas, on geet  
 in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lee eh  
 fitch Bed fin eh wur Kerfunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't  
 o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep  
 seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did; for  
 I'r meetily troublt abeawt me Kawve---  
 Beside, I'r feeard o eawer Fok seeching  
 meh, on meh Measter beasting meh when  
 he

he geet Whooam : Its true meh Carkuffs  
wur pratty yeafy, boh meh Mind moot  
os weel o line on o Piffmotehoyle, or in o  
Rook o Hollins or Gorfes ; for it wur one  
o'Clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith'  
Mourning when eh wack'nt ?

T. Whau; as I'r donning meh thwo-  
oanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw  
meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh  
brass o meh brekfust: So I cawd, on th' lond-  
ledey coom, on keffit up to Throtteen-  
pence: So; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded  
Deeol ! Whot strushon hav I mede here !  
I cou'd ha fund me seln o how Wick weh  
hus for that Money. Ist naw hav one  
Boadle t' sphere o meh ohyde Silver : On  
neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetshad !  
Wur eh naw !

M. Now marry naw yo : In idd'n  
mede strushion, on Bezzilt owey moor  
Brass inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure,  
into will Meary ; for byth' Mifs, when  
ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slopt' pey 'ur,  
I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o  
hawpunny had eh ! On whether eh lost  
it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th'  
Doytch-backs ; I no moor know in th'

Mon ith' Moon : But gon it wur ! I  
 fleart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawm-  
 less : On ot last I tow'd hur I'd lost meh  
 Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon  
 Mon : Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me ; that  
 Tele winnaw fit meh ; for yoar like't pey  
 o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo  
 mey grope eh meh Breeches in he win  
 Theaw'rt some mismanert Jackonapes I'll  
 uphowd tey sed hoo ; Ney, ney, I'ft naw  
 grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, sed  
 I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh  
 Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt :  
 Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw  
 booath worth oboon two Groats.----I  
 nowt elze, sed I, beawt yean ha meh  
 Sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet ;  
 becofe Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last  
 Ker'muss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for  
 theow'rt some arron Rascot I'll uphowd  
 teh, So I gen um hur ; on still this brodd-  
 ling Fusslock lookt feaw os Tunor when  
 id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me ! I think idd'n  
 th' warst Luck ot ewer Kerfun Soul had !

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw : Well,  
 I'r toyart o that pleck ; on crope owey,  
 witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze ;  
 for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I  
 soyn

foyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt ;  
 on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into  
 th' Shipp'n, on seed o Mon stonning ith'  
 Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam  
 prey o' ? Eigh, sed he ; I wou'd idd'n  
 tell him I'd sene speyk at him, sed I ; Yigh,  
 sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner  
 gooan, boh a fine, fattish, throbb'y Gen-  
 tleman, coom in a Trice, on axt meh  
 whot he wantut ? Sed I, I understond  
 yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've  
 a pure on t' sell here : Let's see th' shap  
 on hur, sed he : So I stroakt hur deawn  
 th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd.  
 Hoos th' fin'ft ot ew'ry saigh sed he ; boh  
 I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the ;  
 for I geete two this last week, on they  
 mey'dn up meh Keawnt.---New Meary,  
 i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot  
 o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whot's  
 teh Price sed he ? I connaw thwoosal hur  
 t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny,  
 sed I. Hoos cheeop o that sed he ; on  
 no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

M. Odds like ! Yoarn lung eh finding ;  
 o Chapmon ; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh ; far they ned'n  
 none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh  
 Shoon, not tey : But theaw'ft hear. Then



fed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us ; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price : If not Justice fitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o oneth Yeandurth ofore. That leet seawly for the, fed he : ---Eigh, fed I, so it e'en did ; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber o-beawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly'ft of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on seete cawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodsfnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too : For neww it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur I ele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy her becofe o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id-meh Sawt ; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, i'd rub her A-----se weet : For I'd seen Oamfrey o' *Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mare ; that dey ot Yem oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet tear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeatn ; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd Month' Fowd, ossing t' geet o Tit-back. Sed

I, too him, is yoarn Neme Mr. Scar? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to mecons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os onny's eh *Englandshiar*. That's a greyt breeod, Sed he; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's, reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd Felly, too-to.

T. 'Shesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'st Rascot on um aw: Boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so feely, on his Hond's whackert so despratly, ot eh cou'd naw flick too hur, on hop leap deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the Tele on show the fell: Boh eslid ot that, hoo feet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'ft ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert-Wasp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur fell so wofully; heaw'eer I sed to th'owd Men, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoofe no Foo-goad on o Bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoofe os fat os o Snig, on os smoot

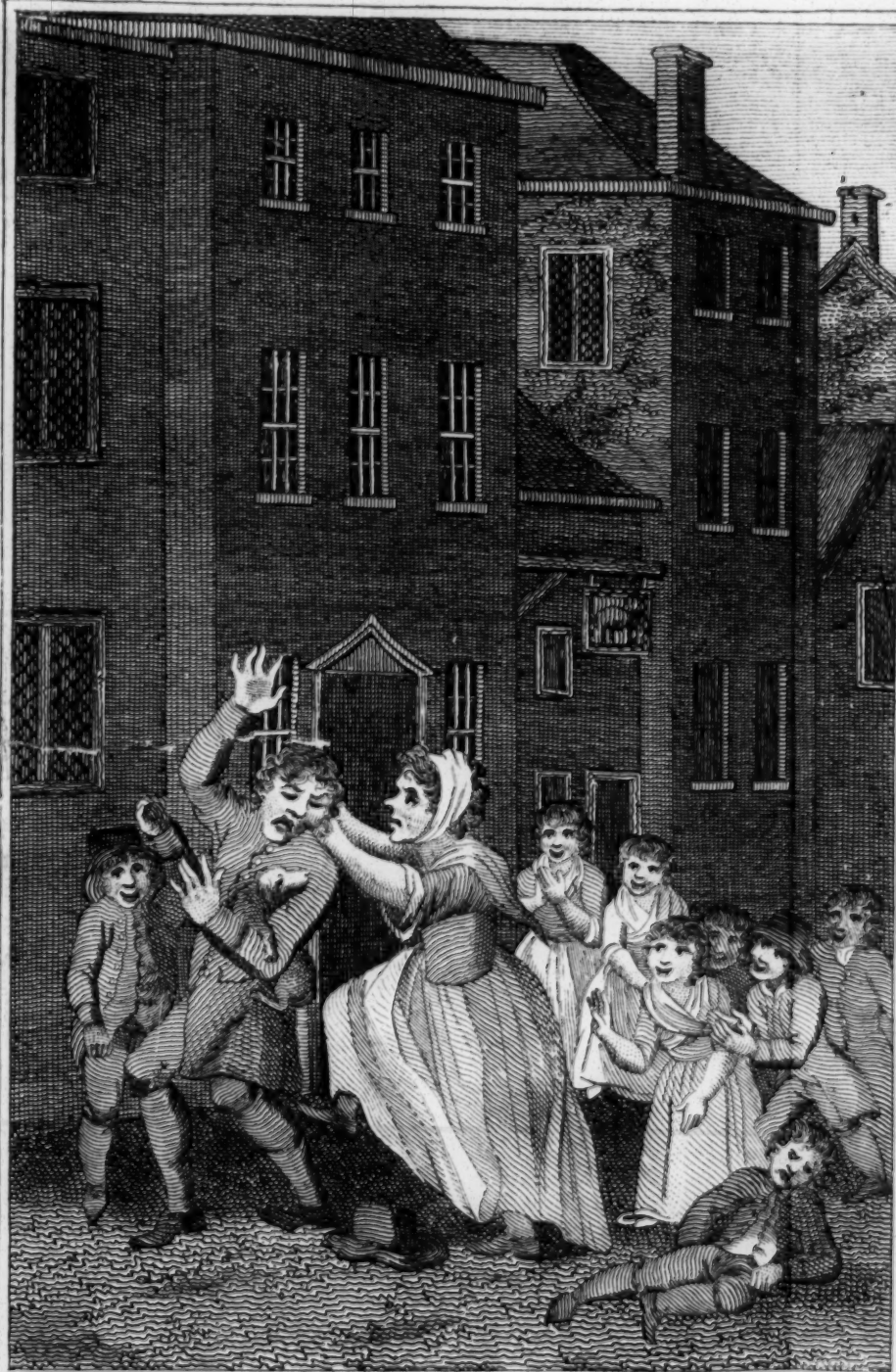
os o Mowdewarp : On I find os plene  
 os o Pike-staff, be hur lennock Yeeers, ot  
 hoose reet bread : On I'd a had'ur if  
 hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Friend  
 has sent meh one cawt o *Xorshar*, on I need  
 no moor : Boh i'll swop with the into  
 will. Now sed I, i'll swop none : for i'll  
 oather have a Ginny for hur, or hoost  
 newer gooa while meh Heed stons o meh  
 Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with  
 the, said he ; boh hast' bin ot yon fine  
 Bigging anent us ! Eigh sed I, boh he's  
 onoo on um. Well but they're os scant  
 neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed  
 he ; on there's one *Muslin*, eh *Rachdaw*,  
 ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I,  
 I'll go see.---On neaw Meary, I begun t'  
 mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er  
 wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit,  
 on teawst hear ; for I thought i'd try this  
 tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too,  
 I'd try no moor : For then it wou'd be os  
 plene os *Blackstonehedge* ot tearn meying  
 oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went  
 t' *Rachdaw*, on sperr'd 'tis Mon cawt. I  
 found im o back oth' Shopbeort, weh o  
 little Dog ot side on 'im : Thowt I t' meh  
 seln









fel'n I would teaw'a choak't this Felley 'll  
be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he on-  
nist Mon, whot done yo plecoft' hav? I  
want nowt o the han, said I for i'm come'n  
t' sell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary,  
this Rascot os weel oft' rest, roost meh  
Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat  
Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn  
meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur  
mede sinkene kilt ebil; on neaw I'r so strackt  
woode I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund  
eh meh Heart 'ta jowd aw ther fows to-  
gether, I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave  
o Rabblement wur watching on meh at  
t' Dur. One on um sed, this is im; ono-  
ther, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion  
asht mey if i'd fowd meh *Bandyhewit*? By  
th' Miss Meary, I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I  
up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o  
good wherrit oth' Yecar, on then weh meh  
Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on  
ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for shure:  
Then they aw feete ogen, meh, on ofore  
id gon o Rood, ih' Lad's Moother coom,  
on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete  
meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip  
on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top  
on

on meh : While th' tuffle lastit, hur Eadi  
(on the basturts ot took his Part) kept grim-  
ing, on deeting meh. weh Sink-durt, ot I  
thowt meh Een would newer ha done good  
ogen ; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th'  
Heed in o Middingspuce, or ot teying  
ot two Eawls.

M. E. walla-dey, whot obunнанze o  
Misfartins yo had'n..

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* owt me o Spite  
he pede me Whoam weh Use : For while  
the Skirmidge lastit, awth' Teawn wur  
cluttert obeawt us : I sheamt os if id stown  
summut, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh  
eh meh. Yecar, on up th' Broo intoth'  
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onney body follut meh. I turn'd meh, on  
who te Dule cust think, boh I'd lost Nip.

M. Whot fenneh !

T. It's true Meary ; so I cawd, on I  
whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund. hee  
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ter seete sitch Stoar on hur, becase o fotch-  
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os waughish os owt, on I'd two or thee  
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warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle  
Whoam, on sease meh Measter!

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had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'll tell the moor o that eend  
neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that  
os I'r gooink toart Whom os denawn-  
heartit on mallancholy os a Methodist, ot  
thinks he's In-pig of Owd-Harry, o mon  
o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leeoding  
onother: thinsts I t' meh sell; this is some  
Yorlkar Horse-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le  
meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r  
wofoo weak on Waughish. This thought  
had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before  
ot Felly sed; come honesty; theaw looks  
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o Tit-back.

M.

M. A good deed *Tummu*s that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E. Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p---sles by the Bowogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horse a howdey t'gether estid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly asht meh heaw far Ir' gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on Eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll stey for the there. So he seet off like hey go-mad; boh I kept o foot's pese: for me Tit swat on semm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hawse o mile boh I heard some fock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' Mass, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' Gap. With that o lusty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Bassoon on flapping meh oth Shilders weet sed, friend I'm o Cunstable, an yore my Prisner.

That



The Deel tey yer friendship, on Constableship too, sed I ; whot dunneh mecon mon ? Whot mun I be prisner for ? Yoan stown that Tit sed he, on yoast good back wimmy before o Justice- I stown nont ont' sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh leeof ; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' Justice weh me ! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdash sed th' Cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o ; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus ; that wur monfully sed, on done too ; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur : Cum cum, sed th' Cunstable, that whisso whaffo stuff winnow doo for me : for gooa yo booath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parsil o Cheeons Weawns thinks I t' me sell, whot ar theese ? In the bin Shack-ils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed ; I'm wur off neaw in eer ch wur : I't be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw,

or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys ! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n !

T. Heawee'r I mustert up my curridge on sed, hark o', yo Cunstable, put up thoofe things ot rick'n so ; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa ; on quietly too : for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who whoo ! Why Tummus ! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot tis seme Horse-Jockey, had stown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own Beak'n. on so put yor shar on ye o thifs'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure ; for he slippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's sartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed ; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where Id so letely lost meh Bitch, on bin so very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot ! Heaweer theese Cunstable-fok wur meety meeverly on modest too-to, on as mute os Mowdy-warps for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot Juslices in a crack

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Haw-ter run strawngely eh yer heeod ; for sum-mot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary I thought so pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw: for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heeod; for thinks I't meh fell I stown no Horse, not I: on theaw knows ot Truth on Honesty goo-ink hont eh hont howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ston os stiff os o Gab-lock.

M. True Tummus, theyre prime props at o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary. boh howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift: for theaw mun know, ot tis some Cunstable wur os preawd ot id tean poof Tumprisner, or if theaw'd tean o Hare on had hur eh the Appern meet neaw: but th' Gobbin ne'er confidert o' honging wou'd naw be cawd good spooart be ony body eh ther senses, on wur enough for't edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Justices Dur, os if

id ha dung it deawn. This focht o  
 preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us  
 int' a pleck we as monney Books an Pap-  
 pers os a Cart wou'd howd To this mon  
 (whooa I soon perceivt wur th' Clark) th'  
 Custable tow'd meh wofoo kefe; an eh  
 truth Meary I'r os gawmless os o Goose  
 on began o whackering os if id stown o  
 how draight o Horses. Then this felly  
 went eawt o bit, on with im coom th'  
 Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooar, an  
 thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa  
 theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish  
 White-wig, ot hong on his Shilders like  
 Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunstable, sed  
 Justice, Whot han ye brought me neaw?  
 Why, pleeos yer Worship, ween meet  
 neaw tean o Horse-steyley whooa wur  
 meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd.  
 Od, thought I't meh seln neaw, or never  
 Tum, speyke for the fell; or theawrt  
 throttl't ot tis very beawt, so I speek up,  
 an sed; that's naw true, Mr. Justice:  
 for I'r boh gooink o foot's pefe. Umph  
 sed th' Juice there's naw mitch difference,  
 as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw  
 the tung yung mon; an speyk when ther't  
 spokk'n too. Well theaw mon ith breawn  
 Cooat, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has  
 theaw



theaw to sey ogen this felly here ? Is this  
 Tit thy Tit, seys to ? It is Sur. Here  
 Clark, bring's that Book on lets swear  
 him. Here th' Justice fed o nominy to  
 'im, on tow'd 'im he munt tey kere o whot  
 eh fed, or he moot as helt be forefsworn,  
 or hong that yeawth there. Well, on  
 theaw seys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it ? It  
 is, pleeos yer Worship. On where had  
 teaw him. seys to ? I bred im Sur. E.  
 whot Country ? Cown-Edge Sur. On  
 when wur he stown seys to ? Last dey boh  
 yusterday abeawt three o Clock ith Oan-  
 durth : for eawr Yem saigh 'im obeawt  
 two, on we mist im obeawt four o'Clock.  
 On frö Cown-edge theaw seys ? Yus Sur.  
 Then th' Justice turn'd im to me, on fed  
 Is aw this true ot tis man seys, hears to  
 meh ? It is fed I ; part on't ; on part on't  
 is naw : for I did naw steyl this Tit - nor  
 ist oboon two eawrs sin furst time ot eh  
 brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom  
 theaw't beriding owey wi' im then, if  
 theaw did naw steyl im ? Why, o good  
 deed Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey,  
 o felly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o  
 scrunt Wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh  
 shorter, o'er took meh ; hewur riding o  
 one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon

seeink I'r toyard, becose I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r be-leemy, on geet on : boh he rid off, Whip on Spur tho he cou'd hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd fley on meh ot on Ele-heawfeithroad. Naw Measter Justice I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theese fok o'ertean meh ; tow'd meh I'd stown th' Tit on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horse-fleyler. On this is aw true Master Justice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efeath *Tummas!* yo meet shad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I ; boh whot sed th' Justice then ?

T. Whau, he sed ; Hears to me ogen, theaw Yungster ; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith Oandurth, will to Whau, sed I, I feet eawt fro Whom soon ith' yoandnrth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratchdaw ; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom ; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this Neighbourhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit* t' see if th cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up for me Measter : but waes me e'ery-body

WUR

wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r kest into th' dark, on forc'e t sleigh ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yusterday, fed Justice? Wheau, fed I, I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme sleeveless arnt, on wur forc't harbour awth' last neet in o Barnw here Boggarts swarm'n (Lord blefs us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytchbody seys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a Horse-Jockey, on so wur tean up be theese fok for a Tittsleyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Priener, fed th' Justice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yusterdey wi' the Dog, prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, for yoarn fittittoo- Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'Clock, fed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeaye or greeave-by, fed he. Here, yo, Master Custable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot dust think? boh while theese two wur eawt o bit, this Teastril; this Tyke of o Clark caw'd me aside an proffert bring meh clear off for have o Ginney. Seys I, mon, If I knew a Hawter munt mey meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw rease heave a Ginney:

for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' seve meh neck wi'. Boh feys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? Ill gi' no Notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, oft steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord omarcy! moor Rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sich teastrils for ever on o-dey lunger, sey I.

T. Hustt hustt, *Meary*; for neaw th' Justice an th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh feln if eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go for-rud *Tummas*.

T. Why, th' Justice after rubbing his broo on droying his seafe deawn, sed; Here, yo Mester Cunstable, on yo, fellow ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith rang Box: an han gett'n th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this youngster here cou'd naw steyl this Tit th' last Oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'Clock that dey I seed him here me fell: on yo sen this Tit wur stown fro' Cown-edge obeawt that time. Neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So heors to meh yung mon  
I mun,



I mun quit thee as to this job ; so go the way whom ; on be honest. I will, sed I, on thonks Measter Justice : for yoan pood Truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt Scroap weh meh Shooough on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God blefs aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh ; on so sey I too : for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a tow'd teh this Tele. Boh yet *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot teers Meawfeneezes omung sone on um, os weel os omung other fok ; or why shou'd tis seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o Ginney ? Had naw this o strung favor of fere cheeoting ; ne dawn-reet nipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Justices do naw know, when these Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer ? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that fawse felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi theese Catterpillars their Clarks : on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme Rod wi'ther Clarks. hears to me ?

M.

M. Now now, not tey marry : for if fitch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger Rascot shou'd ha' th bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus*. Boh greyt fok oft dun who te win wi' littleons reet or rank ; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof fitch to mend when the con hit on't ; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Measter.

T. Eigh byth' Miss *Meary* I'd freeot'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh fitch o kefe os tat I'd no skufe to mey, for I tow'd im heawth' *Kawve* wur kilt ith' Lone ; on ot I'd sow'd the Hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor ; for he nipt up the Deafhon, ot stoode oth' *Harstone*, on whirl'd it at meh : Boh estid o hitting me, it hit th' *Reeam-Mug* ot stoode oth' *Hob* ; on Keyvt awth *Reeam* into th' *Foyar* : Then th' *Battril* coom, on whether it lawmt th' *Barn* ot ot wur ith' *Keather* I know naw, for I laft it roaring on belling ; so as I'r scamp'ring away, eaw'r *Seroh* asht meh where e wou'd gooa ? I tow'd'r ot *Nicko* oth' *Farmer's* greyt *Leath* wur next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' *Spots* ith' *Ward*, there wou'd

wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepfintle a Ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw mecons becofe fok sen Boggarts awlus hawntitit : Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I towld te afore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha funk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an just as i'r gett'n to th' Leath Dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's their New Mon.

M. That leet weel; for Yed's as greedly o Lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a keke.

T. True: So I towld im meh Kefe e short, an sooary he lookt too-to: I wish e durst let te lye we me sed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter. But I'll shew thee a prime Mough o Hey an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, sed I, shew it me, for i'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it me with Scoance, he sed; I summot tell the Tum, but I'm loath. Theaw mecons o beawt boggarts sed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaws meet hit it sed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mun sawt very yarly, I mun Pro-

vonum o beawt one o'Clock, an I'll cawb  
 see heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid fed I, if  
 theaw mun cawt so yarly, I'll fodder an  
 Provon the Tits for the, an theaw mey  
 sleep intle ley th' Proven ready. Then  
 he shew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut  
 with a Hey knife, hawve wey deawn like  
 a great Step, on that I moot come off  
 yeafily o that Side: So we bid tone to-  
 ther good Nect. I'r boh meet sattlt when  
 eh heard summot ith Leath. Good-Lor-  
 jus Meary! meh Flesh crept o meh Boo-  
 ans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh  
 hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody  
 caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew  
 th' Vcice, an fed, whooas tat tee Seroh?  
 Eigh fed hoo, an I stown a lyte Wetur-  
 podditch, an some Thrutchings, and a  
 Treacle-butter-keke if eh con eyght um.  
 Fear me not, fed I, for I'm as hongry as  
 a Rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with  
 um fed hoo; an yo mey come on begin  
 for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e  
 fitch a flunter egetting to th' Wark ot I'd  
 freeat'n th' Spot ot Yed tow'd me on, so I  
 feell deawn offth' heest Side oth' Mough,  
 an fitch a Floose o Hey-follut me, ot it driv  
 meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt  
 inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd  
 us booath.



M. Cots ffish, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro underth' Hey, some oth Podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth Weastbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's Brat. Heaweer, weh serawming abeawt ith Dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o Heyfeed. So while I'r busy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoolipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd strackling, an if I went whom agen I'ft be edawnger o being Breant: That me deme wou'd ha met run for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnfil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: hoo did so, an I thank't ur, bid Farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattt meh sell ith mough under a floose o Hey, an slept so weel ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er slept me sell on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e' Time.

M. It wur weel for yo' ot e cou'd'n  
F Sleep

Sleep at aw, for I'll ne'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm shure.

F. Whau, but I startit up to go to th' Tits and flurr'd deawn to th' lower Part oth Mough; and by the Maskins-Lord whot dust to think, boh I leet hump stridd'n up o' summot ot feld meety Hewry, an it startit up weh me on on its Back, deawn th' lower Part oth' Heymugh it jumpt; Crost t'leath; cawt oth dur wimmy it took; an intoth' Watering-poo as if the Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell whether for th' life on meh.

M Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! whot ith' Name o God winneh.sey!

T. Sey,---why I sey true as t'Gospil; an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get cawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an me feel off th Bridge.

M I never heard fitch teles fin meh Neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I'

T. Teles---! Udds bud, tak um awt gether an theyd'n welly mey a Mont ston oth' wrang eend.

M, Wellbut wur it owd Nick, think'n eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't. wilt howd te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be shure. M.

M. Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bless meh Meary! theawrt so yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know me fell whot it wur of an eawr.---If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then?

T. Whau, wehmitch powlering I geete cawt oth' Poo; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh Neen: An us I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, and stooode like a Gawmbling, or a perfect Neatril till welly Dey; an just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel considering th' kefe or year'n in.

T. True, Lafs; for I think I'r never feaner t' see no-body sin ir' kersunt.

M. Whot fed Yed!

T. Why he heeve up his Honds, an he blest, and he prey'd, an mede fitch Marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that woso Pickle I'ft a brofs'n weh Leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet? And why e stooode teer? An fitch like, I tow'd him I could gi no okeawnt o meh

fell ; boh that I'r carrit cawt oth' Leath  
be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd  
prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howdte Tunga bit,---theaw  
puts me cawt. I tow'd im I thowt it wur  
owd Nick ; for it wur vast strung ; very  
hewry ; and meety swift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore  
where ye ar Tummus !

T, Eigh Meary so't is ; for its moor in I  
expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur  
so flay'd weh that bit at I'd tow'd im ot he  
geete meh by th' Hont an sed, come Tum-  
mus, let's flit fro this Pleck ; for my part  
I'll naw stey one Minnit lenger. Sed I,  
istle fotch me Sark cawt oth' Leath I'll  
geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll ne-  
ver do while my Nemes Yed. Whau, sed  
I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw  
trouble the nob abeawt tat : I twoo whoam,  
an I'll gi' theeth' tone, come let's get off sed  
he. So were'n marching away ; but be-  
fore wed'n gon five Rood, I seed summut  
an seete up a greyt Reeok (for I thowt I'd  
seen owd Nick agen, Lord blefs us) : Seys  
Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus ?  
I pointit th' Finger, an sed, is naw tat te  
Dule ? Which, sed he : That, under th'  
Hedge,



Hedge, sed I Now, now, naw hit ;  
 that's eawer yung Cowt ot lies reawt, sed  
 Yed. The Dickons it is sed I ! Boh I  
 think e meh Guts ot that carrit me eawt  
 oth Leath. Then Yed axt meh, if th' dur  
 wur opp'n ? I tow'd im 'I thowt it wur.  
 But I'm shure I toynt it sed Yed. That  
 moot be sed I, for after theaw last me eawr  
 Seroh browt me meh Supper ; an hoo  
 moot leeave it opp'n. By th' Miss sed  
 Yed, if so Tum, this very Cowt'll prove  
 th' Boggart ! lets into th' Leath, an see,  
 for it's naw so Dark as't wur. With aw  
 meh Heart sed I ; boh lets stick toth' tone  
 tother's Hond then. A thiss'n we went  
 into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary  
 I know naw whot' think : There wur a  
 Yepfintle a Cowt-tooarts upoth' lower  
 Part oth' Hey-mough, and h' Pleck  
 where it had lyen as plene as a Pike Staff.  
 But still, ist' wur hit ot carrit meh, I mar-  
 vil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur  
 eh sitch a hurry to get away !

M. Whot te Firrups ! it signifies nowt,  
 for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I  
 find that eawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt at  
 lies reawt.

T. Whau, I connaw sey a deeol'abeawt  
 it, it looks likly, as teaw feys : But if

this wur nota Boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,---but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer Sark.

T. Eigh, cigh ; I height eh meh Pocket fe the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Yed, on neaw theaw fees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo ?

T. I think t' be an Ostler ; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weel os os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawstring.

M. Ney, I coo believe 'o-----E law, whot o cank han we had ! I mennaw cem t' stey onny lunger. God be with o ; for I mun owey.

T. Howd :---Ney Meary : le meh ha one Smeawtch ot paring, for theaw'rt none fitch o feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.----Neaw,----So Tummus ; go teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytfoo theaw art ? Whot in o Body doo like Seroh ; there's no Body boh the lik'n somebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus ; boh then sometimes some body likes some-body elze.

T. I geawse whot to mecons : For, theaw'rt glenting

glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-flotch  
 Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becose ot Fok sen  
 Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what  
 te Dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at  
 hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t'  
 Luff thoose ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh yoar  
 o Ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's  
 none fitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they say?

M. I mennaw tell:-----Beside yoan hap-  
 ply tey't non se weel in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee,  
 chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms  
 after other fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o Maw-  
 kinly, Dagg'd--a--ft, Wisk-tel't, Whean;  
 on----on----

T. On Whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey sen  
 ot hur Moother took Billo owd Katy's on  
 hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Morning.

T. E---the Dev--- (good Lord blefs us)  
 is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be other-  
 ways for hur Moother wur crying, on  
 foughing to me Deme last Munday yeand-  
 durth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn  
 intoth

intoth' Yeoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een soary fort: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heed while it Heart brafts o bit?

T. E. Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh Plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey fitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I con heardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o Parcil o thumping lies o purpose t' pump 'o.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary----- Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thifs'n far! theawrt o wheant Lafs---I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dun naw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o-marvel!

M. It's o gryet marcy yo connow doot neaw for cruttling deawn.--Boh I mun o-vey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking.--Well think on ot yoad'n rether la tene forty Eawls. T.



T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit  
whisky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint'  
lying, on ot proof oth Pudding's ith  
Eyghting.---So Fere weell Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the well heartily ; on  
gi'meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heavt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then ?

T. Byth' Mifs well eh Meary, froth  
bothum o me Crop.

F I N I S.







A

# GLOSSARY

O F

Lancashire *Words and Phrases :*

Containing,

About 800 Words more than were in any  
of the five former Impressions :

In which many of the uselefs corruptions are  
omitted, and wherein the Reader may  
observe,

<i>That Words mark'd</i>	{	A.S.	<i>come from the</i>	{	Anglo-Saxon.
		Bel			Belgic.
		Br.			British.
		Da.			Danish.
		Du.			Dutch.
		Fr.			French.
		Sw.			Swedish.
		Teu			Teutonic.

A

A

<b>A</b> CTILLY, <i>actually.</i>	Agate, <i>on the Way.</i>	
Ackersprit, <i>a Potatoe with roots at both Ends.</i>	Agog, <i>set on, begun.</i>	
Addle, <i>to get ; also unfruit- ful.</i> A. S.	Aighs, <i>an Ax.</i> A, S.	
Afterings, <i>the last of a Cow's Milk.</i>	An } <i>if and</i>	
	Ancliff, <i>Ancke.</i> A. S.	
	Anent, <i>opposite.</i> A. S.	
	Appern,	

## A

Appern, *apron*.  
 Appo, *an Apple*.  
 Ar, *are*.  
 Are, } *an Hour, also our*.  
 Eawer, }  
 Areawt, *out of doors*.  
 Aik, *a large Chest*. A. S.  
 Arnt, *Errand*.  
 an Arr, *a Mark or Scarr*.  
 Arren, *arrant, downright*.  
 Arsewood, *backward, unwilling*. A. S.  
 Arsey-versey, *Heels over Head*. A. S.  
 Ashelt, *likely, probable*.  
 Ash, }  
 Ax, } *ask*. A. S.  
 Axen, }  
 Ash'n, }  
 Ashler, *large Free Stone, or Moor Stone*.  
 Asht, } *asked*.  
 Axt, }  
 Ashes, } *asks*.  
 Axes, }  
 Asker, *a Nute*.  
 Astite, *as soon*, A. S.  
 Awf, *an Elf, an earthly Demon*. Bel.  
 At't, *at it*.  
 Awkert, *untoward; also comical*. A. S.  
 Awlung *all owing to, because &c*.  
 Awlus, *always*.  
 Awmeety, *Almighty*.  
 Awnlert, *answered*.  
 Aw o'like, *q. all I love, an Interjection*.

## B

Awto'pont, *out upon it*.  
 Awtert, *altered*.  
 Awvish, *qucer, comical*.  
 B  
**B**ACCO, *Tobacco*.  
 Backurt, *backward*.  
 Bakstone, *q. Bake-stone*.  
 A. S.  
 Bagging-time, *Baiting-time*.  
 Balderdash, *Hodge-podge*.  
 A. S.  
 Ball, *the Body of a Tree*.  
 Ballocks, *the Testicles*. A. S.  
 Bally, *Belly*.  
 Ban, *curfing*. Bel.  
 Bandyhewit, *a Name given to any Dog, when Persons intend to make Sport with his Master*.  
 Bang, *to beat*. Bel.  
 Bankreawt, *broken credited*.  
 Barklt., *Dirt &c. hardened on Hair, &c*.  
 Bant, *a String*.  
 Bargin, *Bargain*.  
 Barmskin, *a Leather Apron*.  
 Barn, *a Child*. A. S.  
 Barft, *burst*.  
 Bastert, *Bastard*.  
 Bastertly-gullion, *a Bastard's bastard*.  
 Bate, } *without, or except*  
 Beawt, } *also about, or trial*  
 Batter, *of which Pancakes are made*.

Battril,



## B

Battril, a *Batting-Staff*  
*us'd by Laundresses*  
 Bautert, vid: *barklt.*  
 Bawk, a *Piece of Timber*  
*laid cross a House; also to*  
*deceive.* Bel.  
 Bawks, *'discouragements;*  
*also a Hay-loft.* Bel,  
 Be, *by.*  
 Beasting, a *beating.*  
 Beawls, *bowls.*  
 Beawlt'nt, *bowled*  
 Beck'n, *to call by the Fingers.*  
 A. S.  
 Becose, *because.*  
 Becart, a *Beard.*  
 Been, *nimble, clever.*  
 Beeofs, *Cows,*  
 Beest, *undejected Milk,*  
*eat next after Calving,*  
 A. S.  
 Beest'n-Castle. q. *Beeston-*  
*Castle, 7 Miles from Ches-*  
*ter.*  
 Beet-need, a *Help on par-*  
*ticular Occasions.*  
 Begant', }  
 Begunt, } *began to*  
 Behint, Behunt, Behund;  
*all signifying behind.*  
 Beleady, *by our Lady.*  
 Belcakins, a *diminutive of*  
*by our Lady, or an Inter-*  
*jection,*  
 Bells, q. *bellows, makes a*  
*Noise.*  
 Beleett, *believed.*  
 Beleemy *believe me; from*  
 Belamy, *my good Friend.*

## B

Old Fr.  
 Belive, *by and by.*  
 Bellart, a *Bull or Bear's*  
*Ward.*  
 Bell'n, } *making a Noise.*  
 Belling, } A. S.  
 Bench, a *Seat.*  
 Ber. *Force.*  
 Berm, *Yest.* A. S.  
 Beshite, *to foul, to dirty.*  
 A. S.  
 Beshote, *dirtied.* Teu.  
 Bezzle, *from embezzle, to*  
*waste.*  
 Bib, a *Breast-Cloth.*  
 Bin, *been.*  
 Bit, a *small Part.*  
 Bitter-bump, *the Bittern.*  
 Blackish, *inclining to black.*  
 Blackstone-Edge, a *Hill*  
*between Lancashire, and*  
*Yorkshire.*  
 Blain, a *little Boil.* A. S.  
 Bleb, a *Bubble.* Bel.  
 Bleffin, a *Block or Wedge.*  
 Bleffin-head, a *Blockhead.*  
 Blend, *mix.* A. S.  
 Blendit, *mixed.* A. S.  
 Blid, *from Blood; an In-*  
*terjection.*  
 Blinkert, *blind of one Eye,*  
 Blur, a *Blot.* Sp |  
 Boadle, *Half a Farthing.*  
 Bode, *did abide; also fore-*  
*tell.* A. S.  
 Boggart, a *Spirit an Appa-*  
*rition.*  
 Boggle, *to be afraid.* Du.  
 Boh, *but.* N. B. *This*  
*and*

## B

*and some other Lancashire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very short Aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.*

**Boke**, to point the Finger at Bel.

**Bonkful**, hankful,

**Booan**, a Bone,

**Booart**, a Board.

**Bookth**, Bulk, the Largeness of a Thing. A. S.

**Boose**, a Cow's Stall. A. S.

**Bote**, did bite.

**Bo'th'**, but the.

**Bought**, { the bend, as the  
bought of the  
**Boot**, { Elbow, &c.

**Bowd**, bold.

**Borrut**, borrowed.

**Boyrn**, to rinse or wa . A. S.

**Boyrnt**, wash'd. A. S.

**Brabble**, } a Squabble  
**Brangle**, } or falling  
**Brabblement**, } out bel  
**Branglement**, }

**Braggot**, new Ale spiced, with Sugar, &c. br.

**Brad**, spread, opened.

**Bras**, Copper-Money, also all Sorts of Coin.

**Braft**, } burst.  
**Braftit**, }

**Brat**, a Child; also a course Apron. A. S.

**Brawn**, a Boar.

**Breans**, Brains.

**Bree**, Broth without Meal;

## B

also to fear a Person.

**Brecchus**, Breeches.

**Breed**, frightened.

**Breether**, Brothers.

**Brekfust**, Breakfast.

**Breve**, brave.

**Breyd**, a Board.

**Brid**, a Bird.

**Brigg**, a Bridge.

**Briggs**, Irons to set over the Fire.

**Brimming**, a Sow is said to be so, when she wants to engender. A. S.

**Brindlt**, a Mixture of Colours in Cows, Dogs, &c.

**Britchel**, apt to break.

**Brok'n**, broken.

**Brog**, a swampy Place; also a bushy Place.

**To brog**, there are two Ways of fishing for Eels, call'd Brogging, one with a long Pole, Line, and Plummet, the other by putting the Hook and Worm on a small Stick, and thrusting it into Holes where the Eels lye. Du.

**Broo**, brow, forb ca

**Bruart**, the rim, or brims of a Hat.

**Bruart**, the Blades of Corn just sprung up.

**Bruck**, Brook.

**Brunt**, burnt. Bel.

**Bruit**, a rumour, a report.

**Bruited**, reported.

**Bruzz'd**, broken, or dulled; also

## B

also to *bruz* the Skin off, is to knock it off.

Buck, a Book.

Bullockt, bullied, cheated.

Bun-hedge, a Hedge made of twisted Sticks.

Bunhorns, Briers bored for to wind Yarn on, us'd by Woollen Weavers.

Burley, thick, clumsy. Teu.

Bur, a very tenacious Flow-erbob, or Seed of the large Water-Dock.

Buzz'd, whisper'd.

Byth' Miss, q. by the Mass, an Ieterjection.

Byzen, blind.

## C

**CADGING**, to stuff the Belly; also to bind or tie a Thing.

Cam, awry, Br.

Camn'd, crooked, gone awry; also argued crossly, ill naturedly.

Camp, } to talk of anything

Cank, }

Camperknows, Ale Pot-tage, in which are put Sugar Spices, &c.

Campo, } to prate saucily.

Cample, }

Cankard, rusty; also ill natured.

Cant, healthful, chearful, Bel.

Capable, able to do.

Caper-Cousins, great Friends.

## C

Capt, to be set fast, to over-do a Person.

To Cark, to be careful and diligent. A. S.

Carl, a Clown. A. S.

Carlings, Peace boiled on Care-Sunday are so called i. e. the Sunday besor, Palm-Sunday.

Carrit, carried; also a carrot.

ACarry-Pleck, is a Boggy-Place whose Water leaves a red Sediment.

Carron, q. Carrion, a Term of Reproach.

Catter, to heap up, to thrive in the World. Fr.

Catterwawing } wooing, or  
Catterwalling } rambling  
in the  
night, af-  
ter the  
manner of  
cats, from  
whence it  
comes.

Cawd, } called.

Cawd'n, }

Cawn, they call.

Cawse, a Calf.

Cawse-tail, a Dunce.

Chaffo, to chew.

A Char, a small job of work also to stop. A. S.

Charger, Platters, Dishes.

Chark, a crack.

Charn, a Churn.

Charn-curdle, a Churn-staff,

Charo,

## C

Chary, *careful, or painful.*  
 Cha, *to talk; also a small*  
*Twig. Fr.*  
 Cheeons, *Chains.*  
 Cheeor, *cheat.*  
 Cheop, *cheap,*  
 Chez, *from chuse.*  
 Chieve, *to prosper.*  
 Chill, *cold. A. S.*  
 Chill-blains, *Swelling in*  
*the Fingers and Toes.*  
 Childer, *Children.*  
 Chilt, *a Child.*  
 Chimley, *a Chimney,*  
 Chip, *an Egg is said to chip*  
*when the yonng cracks the*  
*Shells.*  
 Choamber, *a Chamber.*  
 Choance, *a Chance.*  
 Chomp, *to chew; also to*  
*crush, or cut things small*  
 Choynge, *change.*  
 Churn-getting, *a Nightly*  
*Feast after the corn is cut.*  
 Clammer, *to climb; also a*  
*great Noise.*  
 Clammy, *Gluish, tough.*  
*A. S.*  
 Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*  
 Clatter, *a sudden Noise.*  
*A. S.*  
 Cleeart, *cleared.*  
 Cleawd, *a Cloud.*  
 Cleawt, *a Clout.*  
 Cleeck, *to catch at hastily.*  
 Cleeon, *clean.*  
 Cleeoning, *the After-birth*  
*of a Cow.*  
 Clemm'd, *famish'd, starv'd*

## C

Clever, } *lustly, skilful; also*  
 Cliver, } *very well.*  
 Clewkin, *a Sort of strong*  
*Twine. A. S.*  
 A Clock, *a Beetle.*  
 Clocking, *the Noise of broody*  
*Hens. A. S.*  
 Clooas, *Cloaths.*  
 Cloyse, } *very near; also a*  
 Close, } *Croft or Feld.*  
 Clotted, *sticking together.*  
*Bel.*  
 Clough, *a Wood; also a*  
*Valley. A. S.*  
 Clozzoms, *Tallons, vid.*  
*Clutches,*  
 Clum, *did climb.*  
 Clumst, } *unbandy, un-*  
 Clumfy, } *weildy. Du.*  
 Clussumt, *swollen with*  
*Cold, Du.*  
 Clut, *to strike, a blow,*  
 Clutches, *the Hands, the*  
*Talons of Birds; also in*  
*Possession of.*  
 Clutters, *all on Heaps. Du.*  
 Cluttert, *gather'd on heaps.*  
*Du.*  
 Coaken, *the sharp Part of*  
*a Horse-shoe; also to strain*  
*in the Act of Vomiting.*  
 To Cob, *to throw.*  
 Cobstones, *Stones that may*  
*be thrown; and also lar-*  
*ger Stones. A. S.*  
 Cob-coals, *large Pit-*  
*Coals, A. S.*  
 Cock, *to stand up, as Cock*  
*thy Tail hold it high.*  
 Cocker,



## C

Cocker, to fondle; also an  
old Horse without foot. Fr.

Cockers, and Trashies, old  
Stockings without Feet and  
over-worn Shoes

Cocket, pert. A. S.

Cods, the Testicles. A. S.

Cod-piece, the fore part of  
Breeches. A. S.

Coil, a great stir; also a  
Lump on the Head, by a  
Blow.

Collock, a large Pale.

Com, } a Comb.

Coomp, }

Coom, came.

Con, can; also to con a  
thing over, is to look it  
over.

Condle, a Candle.

Conny, brave fine.

Cooth, a cold.

Cops, Balls or Lumps of  
Yarn. A. S.

Cop, } a Fence, A. S.

Copping, }

Copweb, Spiders Web, bel.

Cokes, } Cinders.

Corks, }

Cosey, a Causeway.

Cost'n, did cost.

Costril, a little Barrel.

Cotsfish, q. God's Flesh,  
a Pin to hold the

Cotter, } Wheelon the

Cotterel, } Axle tree, by  
some called a

Lin-pin

Covert covered

## C

Cowd, cold. Du.

Cowken, a straining to vo-  
mit.

Cown Coln in Lancashire.

Crackling, a thin Whea-  
ten cake.

Craddins, to lead Craddins  
is play bold adventurous  
tricks.

Craddinly, cowardly.

Crags, rocky rough Places.  
Br.

Cram'd, crooked.

Crap, Money.

Crash, the Noise of any  
thing when it breaks.

Cratch, a Rack for Hay,  
Ec. A. S.

Cratchinly, feeble, weak.

Creawp-ars'd hog-breech'd

Creawn, a Crown.

Creeas, the Meazles.

Creawse, very loving, lus-  
tiful.

Crevis, a Hole, or Crack.

Creemt, to give a thing pri-  
vately.

Cretur, Creature.

Crewet, a sort of glass vial  
to hold Vinegar.

Crib, a Place to hold suck-  
ing Calves; also, a Pin-  
fold, a Goal

Cricks an howds pains and  
Srains.

Cricket a small Stool; also  
a House Insect

Crimble to go into small  
Crumbs.

## C

Crimble ith' Poke, is to  
 run back of a Bargain, to  
 be cowardly.  
 Crinkle, to bend under a  
 Weight; also to rumple a  
 Thing. Du.  
 Christins, Christians.  
 Crom, to stuff; also to put  
 a Thing in a Place.  
 Cromm'd. stuff'd.  
 Cronk, the Noise of a Ra-  
 ven; also to prate. bel.  
 Crony, a true Companion.  
 Croo, a Crib for a Calf.  
 Crope, crept.  
 Crop'n, creptinto.  
 Crow, an Iron Gavelock.  
 Crummil, Cromwell.  
 Cun. } to cun thanks, is to  
 Con, } give thanks.  
 Crump, Cramp a Disease;  
 also to be out of humour.  
 A. S.  
 Crumple, to ruffle.  
 Cruttle, to stoop down, to  
 fall, vid. crinkle. Du.  
 Cubbort, cupboard.  
 Cud'n, could.  
 Cadneh, cou'd you.  
 Cullert, coloured.  
 Cumbert, cumbered. Du.  
 Cumn, come, or came.  
 Cumpunny, Company.  
 Cuint', come. to  
 Can, can.  
 Cup o' sneeze, a Pinch of  
 Snuff.  
 Curturs, Curtains.  
 Cuttier, to make much of, a

## D

a Hen or Goose of their  
 young.  
 Cuzz'n, Cousin; also to  
 cheat.  
 D  
 DAB, a Blow; also be-  
 ing active at any  
 Thing.  
 Dacker, tickle, or unsettled  
 Weather. Teu.  
 Dadole, to reel, or waver  
 on the road, to go as ducks.  
 Daffock, a dirty Slattern.  
 Dagg'd-arse } q. dewy arse  
 Dagg'd-tele } q. dirty slut  
 Bel.  
 Dane, down.  
 Dangus, the same with das-  
 fock.  
 Darn, to draw up a Hole  
 with a Needle, A. S.  
 Dawnger. Danger.  
 Dawnt, to fear.  
 Dawntle, to fondle.  
 Deawk, to go over head in  
 Water.  
 Deawmp, dumb.  
 Deawt, } Doubt.  
 Date, }  
 Deeave, to sun with a  
 Noise. Du.  
 Decavely, lonely.  
 Deeing, dying.  
 Deed, dead.  
 Deeol, a deal, much.  
 Decols, deals, trades with.  
 Deooth, death.  
 Deet, daubed, besmear'd.

Dege

Deg, to wet, to sprinkle  
water on. Fr.

Deme, Dame.

Defunt, handsome.

Dey, Day.

Didney, } did you.  
Didneh, }

Dick, a by Name for Rich-  
ard.

Dickons, an Interjection.

Dicky, a diminutive of Ri-  
chard.

Dicky o' Wills, vid. Tum-  
mus o' Williams

Din, a Noise. A. S.

Ding, to knock, to strike.  
Teu.

Dingle, a Valley. A. S.

Disactly, exactly.

Diher, to tremble. A. S.

Dithert, quaked, trembled

Doage, wettish, a little

Dock, to cut off

Dofft, put off undressed.

Donk, a little wettish, Bel.

Donn'd, put on dress'd.

Dons, put on.

Doo, do.

Dooal, Money, &c. given  
at a Funeral, or other  
Times. A. S.

Dosome, healthful.

Dowd, dead, flat, spirit-  
less.

Doot nor do, lingering, a  
bad state of health.

Doing, or } healthful  
Dowing, }

Dowter, Daughter.

Doytches, Ditches

Doytch-backs, Fences

Dozening } Slumbering..

Dozing, } A. S.

Draff, grains A. S.

Draight, a Drought or  
Team

Drape, a barren Cow, one  
that is not with-calf. A. S.

Dreawps, Drops

Dreawnt, drowned

Dree, long, tedious. A. S.

Dreemt, dreamed

Drench, to draw or let in  
water. A. S.

Drift, did drive.

Drizzle, to rain softly. bel.

Droy, to wipe, also thirsty

Droyve, q. drive, also to  
put off

Dubbler, a large dish. Bel.

Dungn, knocked

Dunnaw, do not

Dunneh, do you

Dur, a Door

Dur-cheeks, the Frame of  
Wood to which Doors hang

Durn, that Piece of Wood  
or Stone by which Yeats,  
or Gates hang.

Duzz'n, a Dozen, 12

E

**E**, q. *ah!* an interjection,  
also I; also in to  
you.

Ealt, ailed

Eary, every

Easing, or } the Eaves of a  
House

Yeasing, }

Eawer

## E

Eawer, or } our, also an  
 Are, } Hour  
 Eaw's, Owls  
 Eawnee, Ounce  
 Eawt, out  
 Eawtcumbling, out-cum-  
 bling, a Stranger  
 Eawther, Author  
 Ebil, Abel  
 Eebreen, } Eyebrows  
 Eebrees, }  
 Edder, an Adder. A. S.  
 Eddish, Grass after Mow-  
 ing. A. S.  
 Ee, an Eye; also, Ee, Ee,  
 is yes. yes.  
 Eem, I connow eem, i. e.  
 I have no time.  
 Een, } Eyes; also even; also  
 } an interjection;  
 } and likewise an  
 } Eve, or Vigil  
 Eendless-annat, the  
 straight Gut  
 Endways, endways, for-  
 ward.  
 Endneaw, by and by  
 Eete, }  
 Eeyght, } did eat  
 Egad, a diminutive of the  
 Oath, by God  
 Egodsnum, q. in God's  
 Name  
 Efeakins, a diminutive of  
 in Faith  
 Eh, he; in; I, and you  
 Eigh, yes the same with Ee  
 E-law, q. ah, Lord!  
 Elder, an Udder, also a

## F

Cromwell's Justice of  
 Peace. Bel.  
 Ele, Ale, also ail  
 Ere ever, before.  
 Eshin, a Pale  
 Elfin, a sort of a Awl. Ten.  
 Elt, to stir Dough sometime  
 after kneading  
 Elshole } the hole under the  
 Ashole } fire to hold ashes.  
 Estid, instead  
 Eteaw, broken; in Pieces  
 Ettererops, } Spiders. B.  
 Attercrops, }  
 Ett'n, eaten  
 Ewer, ever  
 Ex'n, q. Oxen  
 F  
 FADGE, a Burden or  
 part of Horse's Load;  
 Fag, to tire  
 Fag-end, the Tail-end,  
 a Remnant. A. S.  
 Fair-faw, a Term of wish-  
 ing well  
 Fammish'd, starv'd by Fa-  
 mine.  
 Fangs, the Tusks of a Dog  
 or Bear. A. S.  
 Far, for  
 Far-geh, forgive  
 Farrently, q. fair and like-  
 ly, handsome  
 Farrow, a Sow's bringing  
 forth young. A. S.  
 Farry, a litter of Pigs.  
 A. S.  
 Fartin, Fortune

Eash,



## F

Fash, the Tops of Turnips.  
*&c.*

Fattle be ith' Foyar. *all*  
*will be wrong*

Fattish, inclining to be fat

Faw } *fall*

Fo. }

Fawn } *fallen*

Foan, }

Fawse Lunnners, the in-  
*genious Author of the*  
*Monthly Review*

Fawt, Fault

Feeer, afraid

Feaberry, Gooseberries

To Felt, is to give an  
*Estate for Life, &c.*

Feathering, *the finishing*  
*or topping*  
*of a hedge,*  
*also laying*  
*Hay on a*  
*Cart. A.S.*

Feaw, foul, ugly

Feawly, ugly, unfortunately

Feaw whean, an ugly Wo-  
*man.*

Fearfo, fearful

Feel, fell

Feggur, fainer A. S.

Feld, felt, perceived

Feelt, a Field

Feersuns-een, Sbrovetide.

Felly, } *a Man*

Fellow, }

Fellicks, } *the Rounds of a*

Fellies, } *Wheel. Da.*

Fellyl, the Man will

Fend, to endeavour, to pro-

## F

*vide for*

Fare } *fair, honest; a Fair,*  
*also Fare, or cheer.*

Fest, } *q. to fasten; to bind*

Fest'n, } *Apprentice. A.S.*

Fethur, Father.

Fettle, dress, case, condi-  
*tion.*

Fewtrils, little things.

Fey, the Earth lying over  
*Stone, Slate, &c.*

To Fey, is to remove such  
*Earth*

Fib, a Lye

Fin'st, best, bravest

Firrups, a kind of Impre-  
*cation*

Fittut, fitted, supply'd

Flaigh, a light Turf

Flap, the Lap of a Coat,  
*&c. A. S.*

Flasker, to dash or play in  
*Water*

Flash, a Lake Bel.

Flasket, a shallow Basket

Flay, to fear, to frighten

Flay'd, frightened

Fleak, a Hurdle made of  
*twisted Hazles; also a*  
*thing made to dry oatcakes.*  
*on.*

To Fleak, to bask in the  
*Sun Du.*

Fleckt, spotted

Flee, Flay, to skin

Fleed, skinn'd

Fleigh, a Flea

Flet, kimm'd Bel.

Flet-

## F

Flet-Milk, *Milk with the Cream taken off* Bel.  
 Flick, a *Flitch of Bacon* A. S.  
 Flit, to remove Da.  
 Fliz, } a *Splinter* or  
 Flizzing, } *Shiver* Da.  
 Floofe, q. *Fleeze of Wool*, Hay, &c.  
 Flopper-meawth, blubber-lipp'd  
 Flunter, in a great *Hurry*; out of *Flunter*, not well, sickly  
 Flusk, to fly at, as two cocks  
 Flyer, to laugh scornfully  
 Flyte, to scold A. S.  
 Fob, a *Pocket* A. S.  
 Fog, *Grass after the Mowing*; also a *Mist* A. S.  
 Foist, a F---t  
 Foisty, sinking  
 Fok, *Folk*  
 Fok'll *Folk will*  
 Follut, followed  
 Foo, a *Fool*; also full  
 Foo-goad, a play-thing  
 Foomurt, the *Pole-Cat*, or *Wild-Cat* br  
 For fartin, } for certain,  
 For shure, } certainly  
 For't for it  
 Forthowght, repented; also *Forefight*  
 Forsuth, for sooth  
 Forrud, forward  
 Foryeat'n, forgosten  
 Fotch, fetch  
 Fowd, a *Fold*, or *Yard*

## F

Foyar, *Fire*  
 Foyar-new, very new  
 Foyar-potter, an *Iron Instrumens* to stir up the fire  
 Framput, an *Iron ring* that runs on a *Stake* to which *Cows* are fastened  
 Frap, to crack; also to fall into a *Passion*  
 A Fratch, a *Quarrel*  
 Fratching, quarrelsome  
 Freeot'n, forgotten  
 Frem, not a kin; also tender A. S.  
 Fresh-cullert, rosy, well coloured  
 Fridge to rub, to scrat  
 Frim, tender A. S.  
 Frist, trust A. S.  
 Fro, from  
 Fro off on her, off her  
 Frough, tender, rather brittle  
 Fiowt, for ought  
 Frump, a mock or jeer  
 Fun, found; also Sport  
 Furst, } first  
 Furster, }  
 Fufs, a great Stir  
 Fussock, a term of reproach for fat idle Women

## G

GA, gave  
 Gable-end, the wall at the end of a House, &c, bel,  
 Gablock, { a strong Iron  
 Gavelock, { Bar us'd for a lover A. S.  
 Gad,

## G

## G

Gad, to run about, as cows  
in hot Weather A, S,  
Gaight, gave it  
Gainer, nearer  
Galkeer, a tub to work drink  
in

Gam, fine Sport, diversion;  
also Game

Gan, give, did give

Gar, to force

Garth, a Hoop for Tubs.  
Etc, A, S,

Gash, a large Cut or wound

Gate, -away, gone forwards

Gaunt. lean, empty A. S,

Gawby, a Dunce

Gawm, understand or com-  
prehend; also to mind

Gawmbt, play'd the fool

Gawmlefs, stupid, senseless  
A, S,

Gawpe, to stare with open  
Mouth

Gawster, to boast

Gawstring, heftoring, brag-  
ging

Gawt, { a passage for  
or Gote, { water, a flood-  
gate A, S,

Geaw, go

Geawn, the gummy Matter  
issuing from tender Eyes  
br:

Gee, to gee is to agree, to  
suit,

Geer, Stuff of all sorts; also  
a Horse harness A, S,

Geh, or } give  
Gi' }

Gerse, Grass

Geete, did get

Geet, give it

Get'n, got

Gex,

Geaux, } guess Du

Geawse, }

Gezlings, q, Goslings, or  
young Geese A S

Gibberidge, stammering,  
broken, or imperfect speech  
A S

Gig, } a Machine used in  
dressing Cloth; al-  
so a Hole made in  
the Earth to dry  
Flax

To set oth' Gigg, is to set  
on to stir up

Giggle, to laugh wantonly:  
bel:

Giglet a wanton Girl bel:

Gilders } are lengths of hair  
twisted on which  
Gillers } Fishing - Lines  
are made

Gilliver a Gilliflower; also  
a wanton woman

Gill-hooter on Owl

Gilt a female Pig; tho' it be  
cut

An opp'n Gilt one ungelt  
or uncut

Gimlet a Nail-piercer to  
bore Holes Fr:

Ginnil a strait Street; a  
narrow passage

Girn to grin

Gizzen,

## G

Gizzern *the Stomach of a Fowl* Fr :

Glead *a Kile* A. S.

Glendurt, *stared* A. S.

Glent, *a Glance, or fly*

*Look* A. S.

Glenting, *Glancing* A. S.

Gley, *to squint* A. S.

Glib, *smooth, slippery* A. S.

Glimmer, *to shine a little,*

*Du.*

Glimmering, *shining a little, a Spark* Du.

Gliss'n, *to shine* A. S.

Glister, *to shine or sparkle*

A. S.

Glitter, *to shine*

Gloor, *to stare* A. S.

Glooart, *stared* A. S.

Glopp'nt, *frightened*

Glossy, *shining* A. S.

Glur, *the softest of Fat*

Goads, *Customs; also Playthings*

Goart, *pierced that Blood appears* A. S.

Gob, *a large Piece of meat;*

*a greedy clown-*

Gobbin, } *nish person,*

Gobstotch, } *a dunce* God-

Godsnum } *in God's,*

*name*

Goddil q. *God will*

Gog *to set a gog is to set on*

*Br:*

Gonner, *a Gander*

Gonnerhead *a stupid person or Dunce*

Gooa go

## G

Gooan gone

Gooddit *Shrovetide*

Good lorjus deys q: *Good*

*Lord Jesus what days!*

*an Interjection*

Gooink, *going*

Gooms Gums A. S.

Gore *Blood; also a triangular Piece of cloath put in a Shirt to widen it* A. S.

Gorfes, *Furze, a prickly Shrub* A. S.

Goshawk, *a Fowl; also a duncely Person* A. S.

Gote *a Water Passage*

Gowd, *Gold*

Gran *did grin!*

Grash *to eat greedily to break any thing*

Graunch *vid. Grash*

Greadly, *well, right, handsomely*

Grave *a Grave*

Greawnd *Ground the earth*

Grease *Fat; also Grass*

Greawt *small Wort* A. S.

Greece *a little Brow; also Stairs* Fr.

Greeof *or greeof by right or very near so*

Grim'd *besmear'd bel.*

Grin *a Snare; also a sneering Look* A. S.

Gripp'n *clapped or clinched Hand* A S

Grip-yard



## G

Grip-yort, } a seat of gre  
 Grip-yard, } clods or turf,  
 } Supported  
 } with twisted  
 } boughs (hur-  
 } dle-wise) and  
 } generally made  
 } round shady  
 } Trees A. S.  
 Grit, sandy A. S.  
 Gritty, } sandy A. S.  
 Gritley, }  
 Groats, Oats bull'd, but  
 unground  
 Gronny, a Grandmother  
 Gronsur, a Grandfather  
 Groon, grown  
 Grooing, growing  
 Groop, the Place, where  
 Cattle piss in a Snippen  
 Grope, to feel awkwardly,  
 or in the dark A. S.  
 Groyn, a Swine's Snout  
 A. S.  
 To Gry, is an easy Ague  
 Fit, or the Ague hanging  
 on a person  
 Gurd o Leawghing, a Fit  
 of Laughter  
 Gutt', go to  
 Guzzet } four square piece  
 } of cloath to widen  
 } the arm-pit of a  
 } Shirt  
 } H

H<sup>A</sup>,  
 Hav, } have  
 Han.

Hack, knock'd together,  
 H

## H

also to cut bunglingly  
 Had-loont-rean, the Gut-  
 ter or space between the  
 Head Lands and others  
 Had'n, had  
 Hag, } the Belly  
 Haggus, }  
 } the Handle of  
 } a Knife; also  
 } Hest is a Life  
 } A. S.  
 Haft, or  
 Hest,  
 Haigs, the white Thorn-  
 lerry A. S.  
 Hal o' Nabs, q. Henry of  
 Atraham's  
 Halliblash, a great Blaze  
 Hallidey, holyday  
 Halloo, to shout  
 Halloo'd, shouted  
 Hammeh, have me  
 Hammil. a Village A. S.  
 Hangum, } hang them  
 Hongum, }  
 Hanker, to desire, to covet  
 Hap, to cover; also to pat  
 or encourage a Dog, &c,  
 A. S.  
 Happly, perhaps  
 Harbor, to entertain A. S.  
 Harr, to snarle like an an-  
 gry Dog.  
 Harms, after, to speak the  
 same thing like an Echo.  
 Harry, q. hurry to cease,  
 tired. Fr.  
 Harry's Henry's  
 Harston, } q. barth-stone  
 Harstone, }  
 Halk, dry, parched  
 Haver,

## H

Haver, Oats. Du.  
 Haver-bread, Oat-bread  
 Hauft, a cough, a cold, Du.  
 Hawmpo, to halt  
 Hawmpow't, did halt  
 Hawpunny, Half-penny  
 Hawms, two Pieces of crooked wood placed on the Collar of a Horse when he draws  
 Hawm-bark' the Collar of a Horse  
 Hawps, a tall duncely person  
 Hawve, half  
 Healo, bashful  
 Hearo, heat you  
 Heasty, hasty  
 Heck, a half Door. A. S.  
 Hee, a Male; also high  
 Hed, did heed, minded  
 He'er, he was  
 Here, hoar Frost, also a Mist  
 Hee-witch, a Wizzard  
 Hear'n, hear  
 Heaw, how  
 Heawse, House  
 Heawt, how it  
 Heeve, did heave or lift up  
 Height, have it, also high  
 Helder, more likely  
 Helt, likely,  
 Hem, the Edge  
 Heps, the Bryer's Fruit  
 Herple, to halt or limp  
 Het. q. hight, or named.  
 A. S.  
 Hetter, keen, eager as a Bull-Dog

## H

Hew'r, Hair  
 Hey-go-mad, like mad, shouting mad; also to do any thing after an exceeding Manuer  
 Hey-mough, Hay-mow  
 Heyt, have it  
 Hig, a passion  
 Heyvy, heavy,  
 Hill, to cover, A. S.  
 A Bed-hilling, a Coverlet, a Rug  
 Hight-nor-ree, nothing at all of  
 Hippink, a Linnen Clout, to keep infants clean  
 Hit, it; the thing  
 Hitting, -a lighting on; also striking. Da.  
 Ho, or } a Hall  
 Haw, }  
 Hoave, half, also did heave  
 Hob-nob, rashy. A. S.  
 Hobs, are stones set up or laid at either end of the Fire, a duncely Fellow is also call'd a Hob  
 Hobbil, } a natural  
 Hobgobbin } Blockhead  
 } or Fool.  
 Hobbie-te-hoy, a stripling at full Age of puberty  
 Hobgoblin, an Aparition, a Spirit  
 Hobthrust, the same; this is suppos'd to haunt only Woods  
 Hobbling, limping; also stammering  
 Hog-

## H

Hog-Mutt'n, *Mutton of a Year-old Sheep*

Hondle, *handle*

Hong, *hang*

Hont, *hand*

Hontle, *handful*

Hongry, *hungry*

Hongim, *hang him*

Hoo, *she. Br.*

Hooant, *swell'd, hard in the Flesh*

Hook or crook, *force*

Hoor, *a Where; also she was*

Hoose, *she is*

Hooft, *she shall*

Hopper, *a Sort of a basket, A. S.*

Hoppet, *a little basket A. S.*

Horse-ston, } *Steps to*

Horse-stone } *mount horses*

Horty, *hearty*

Hose, *Stockings. A. S.*

Hotching, *to limp, to go by jumps, as toads*

Hotter, *to stir up, to vex*

Hottering, *mad, very mad or ill vexed*

Hough, *a Foot sometimes the Leg*

How, *whole*

Howd } *hold*

Howt } *hold*

Howd-te-tung, *hold thy peate*

Howd'n, *holden*

Howse, *to stir up, to potter*

Howsome, *wholesome*

## H

Hoyde, *a Hyde a Skin; also to hide*

Hoyse, *Hose*

Hoyts, *long Rods or Sticks*

Hubbon, } *the Hip*

Huggon, }

Huckster, *a Seller of herbs Roots, &c. Du.*

Hud, *hid covered*

Hugger-mugger, *conceals*

Hunimobee, *the larger round Bee*

Humpstridd'n, *a Stride*

Hur, *her*

Hurly-burly, *a great stir, a Noise. A. S.*

Hure, *Hair*

Hurn, *a horn. A. S.*

Harrying, *drawing, or dragging; also being in haste.*

Husht, *silence. Du.*

Hus, *we*

Hazz, *to hum. to make a Noise like Bees*

Hye, *to make haste. A. S.*

## I

ICCLES, *long Pieces of*

Ice at the Eaves of Houses, &c.

Id, *he had; also I had.*

I'd, *I had; also I wou'd*

Idd'n, *you had*

If idd'n, *if you wou'd*

Ift, *if thou*

Iftle, *if thou will*

Ill-favort, *ugly*

Im, *him*

Imp, *to rob, to deprive of*

## I

In, *that; also or if, also than*  
 Inking, *a hint. Teu.*  
 Infarm, *inform*  
 Inneh, *if I; also if you*  
 Innin, *if you will*  
 Int, *If it*  
 Intle, *if you will*  
 Into, *if thou*  
 I'r, *I was*  
 Ii, *you are*  
 Irning, *the making of Cheese; also the smoothing of Linen*  
 Ist, *is it; also is the*  
 I'st, *I shall; also I shou'd*  
 It'. *I to*  
 Ither, *in their*  
 Ittle, *it will*

## J

JACKANAPES, *a term of Derision*  
 Jannock, *a Loaf made of Oat-meal leavened*  
 Jawms, *the sides of a Window; and also of the bottom Part of a Chimney.*  
 Fr.  
 Jawnt, *a walking, or riding out a Journey.*  
 Jingum-bobs, *play things*  
 Jim, or } *pruce, very neat*  
 Gim, }  
 Jobberknow, *a Dunce, or Dolt Du*  
 Jone's *John's*  
 Josty, *come to*  
 Joyft, *a Summer's Grass; also a piece of Wood laid*

## J

cross a Floor. Fr.  
 Jump, *a Coat; also to* Ir

## K

K A, or } *a Cow*  
 Keaw, }  
 Kazzarley, *subject to Casualties*  
 Katty, *a diminutive of catharine*  
 Keather, *a Cradle*  
 Keawer } *to sit or stoop down*  
 Kare, }  
 He Keawls } *he's cowardly*  
 Keawlt, }  
 Keawnty, *County*  
 Keawnfil, *Counsel, or Council*  
 Keawerfer, *worse; also a hunter with greyhounds*  
 Keckle, *unsteady; also the Noise of a frightened Hen.*  
 Du.  
 Keck, *to go pertly. Du.*  
 Kee, or } *Cows. A. S.*  
 Kye, }  
 Keegh, *to cough; also a Cold Du.*  
 Keel, *to cool. A. S.*  
 Keem, or } *to Comb*  
 Kem, }  
 Keen-bitten, *eager, sharp-bit*  
 Keep, *catch A. S.*  
 Keke, *Cake*  
 Kele, *Time, Place, circumstance*  
 Kene, *a Cane, or Cain*  
 Kere'nCare

Kers'n,



## K

## L

Kers'n, *Christian*; also to  
*Christen*

Kersunt, *Christened*

Kersmus, *Christmas*

Kese, *case*.

Kestling, a *Calf* calved be-  
fore the usual Time

Kest, *cast*

Kestit. reckon'd up; also to  
vomit

Keyke, or } to *stand crooked*  
Kyke, }

Keyvt, *avertured*

Kibbo, a *long stick*

Kibe, to draw the *Mouth*  
awry. A. S.

Kibe-heels, *cracked or sore*  
*Heels*,

Kilt, *killed*

Kin, *kind Sort*

Kindly, a *kindly Cow*. &c.  
is a *handsome, healthy*  
*Cow*

Kink, to lose their *Breath*  
with coughing, the *Chin-*  
*Cough*. Da.

Kink-haust, a *violent cold*.  
Du.

Kipper, *amorous, lustful*

Kittl, *ticklish*; also *unsta-*  
*ble*

Kist, a *chest*. A. S.

Knaggy, *Knotty*. A. S.

Knep, to bite easily

Knoad, *knew*

Knockus, *Knuckles*

Knoblocks } *little lumps of*

Knoblings } *coals about the*

Knaplings } *size of Eggs*

Knattert, *Gnawed*

Knattle, *cross-ill-natur'd*

Knotchel, to cry a woman

*Knotchel* is when a *Man*  
gives publick Notice he  
will pay none of her new-  
contracted Debts

Know, q, *Knowl*, a *Brow*  
or *small Hill*

Knurs, *knots, warts on trees*  
*Teu*.

Ko, *quoth*

Kreawle, vid. *Creawse*.

Kyb'n to flout, by raising  
the under Lip.

## L

LABBOR, *Labour*

Lad, a *Boy*; also did  
lead

Last, *left*

Lag, to stay behind. Sw,

Laith, a *Barn*; also to in-  
vite; also ease, or rest.

Lamm, to beat

Lant, *Urine*

Langot, a *shoe-latchet*. Fr.

Lap, *wrap*.

Larius, } *mucos. agist*. Fr.

Largess } *muco. agist*. Fr.

Lastut, *lasted*

Lat, *slow*; also *very late*;

also a *Lathe*. A. S.

Latching, *infecting, catch-*

*ing*

Lawm, *lame*.

Lattent, *hindered*

Lawmt, *lamed*

Le, *let*

Leach, a *Lake*

## L

## L

- Lean, to keep, secret. A. S.  
 Learock, a Lark  
 Leawk, long, barren, or  
     heathy Grass  
 Leawky, full of Leawk  
 Leawpholes, q. Loopholes  
 Leawse, a Louse  
 Leck on, put on water; al-  
     so when a Vessel will not  
     hold Water, it is said to  
     Leck. Fr.  
 Lee, lay  
 Ledy, Lady  
 Leeter, rather. A. S.  
 Pd os leef, I would as soon  
     or rather. A. S.  
 Leeof, leave  
 Leep, did leap  
 Eecond, lend  
 Leet, light of, on, or met  
     with; also light and  
     Lightning.  
 Leett'n, to lighten  
 Leetsom, lightsome  
 Os thick os Leet, as quick  
     at one Flash of Lightning  
     follows another  
 Leete; let go  
 Leuger, longer  
 Lennock, slender, ptiable.  
     Fr.  
 Leither, to beat  
 Lew-warm, Blood-warm  
 Ley-land. rest, or untill'd  
     Land. A. S.  
 Leyther, rather  
 Lick, to beat  
 Licker, more lickely  
 Lickly, very likely  
 Licklyest, most likely  
 Lieve. believe  
 Like, to love  
 Lik'n, to guess; also to com-  
     pare  
 Lik't; likely to have; also  
     did love  
 Lilt, } to do a thing cle-  
 Liltng } verly or quickly  
 Limp, to halt  
 Linch, a small step. A. S.  
 Line, loyn  
 Lin-pin, a Cotter, or Pin  
     that holds the Cart-Wheel  
     on. A. S.  
 Ling, long Heath  
 Lipp'n, expect; also leaped  
 Lipp'nt, expected  
 Lite, a few.  
 Liche, calm; also to put oat-  
     meal in Broth. A. S.  
 Lither, idle. A. S.  
 Littlebrough. a Country  
     Village near Rochdale.  
 Livert, vid. thodd'n.  
 Loath, unwilling. A. S.  
 Loast, loosed; also lawest.  
 Lob-cock, a great idle per-  
     son.  
 Lod, a Lad.  
 Looad'n, loaden.  
 Loft; a Chamber,  
 Lonleydey, a Landlady.  
 Lone, a Lane.  
 Loont a Land, a But, or  
     Division of plough'd land.  
 Lopper'd-Milk, crudled  
     Milk. Sw.  
 Loppering, boiling, Sw.  
     Loppering-

## L

Loppering-Breawis brew-  
is made at the kiling of a  
Swinc, with broth of the  
boiled Entrails, &c.

Lorjus o'me, (from Lord  
Jesus have Mercy on me)  
an Interjection.

Loothe } look thee, behold.  
Loothy }  
Lost'n, did lose.

Lotch, to halt; also to jump  
like a Frog.

Lother, a Lather. A. S.

Lovers. the Chimney.

Loyse, to use.

Loyte, a few.

Luckit, a nurses term; al-  
so us'd by way of scoffing.

Luck'o, look you, see you.

Luff, Love.

Luff'n, do love.

Lug. to pull by the hair.  
A. S.

Lumber, } Mischief, or  
Lumbert } hurt, also useles  
household stuff.  
A. S.

Lung, long.

Lunjus, subtle, very surly.

Lunnon, London.

Lunnon-Boggarts, the au-  
thors of the Monthly Re-  
view.

Lunthon, a large Piece of  
Meat.

Lurdin, q. Lord-Dane, an  
idle lubberly Fellow.

## M

## M

MACK, sort.

Manchet, white  
Bread.

Mander, Manner or Sort.

Mar, to spoil. A. S.

Marlocks, awkward ges-  
tures; also Fools.

Marcy, Mercy; also the  
River Mersey.

Mare } a large Lake. Br.  
Meer }

Margit, Margaret.

Marr'd, quite spoiled. A. S.

Mariy, a common interjec-  
tion.

Marry-kem-eawt, a scorn-  
ful interjection.

Marvil, Wonder, to wan-  
der also admirable.

Masht, broke to Pieces.

Maskins, } a Sort of Petty  
Mackins, } Oath.

Matho, Martha.

Mattert, signify'd.

Mattock, a Tool in husban-  
dry. A. S.

Maukin, } a bunch of rags,  
or } &c. ty'd to a  
pole to sweep an  
Oven; also a  
dirty woman.

Maunder, Murmuring; also  
a wandering, or walking  
stupidly. Fr.

Mawkinly, sluttish, dirtily  
Mawkish, sickly also dun-  
cely. A. S.

Maw, the stomach, A. S.

May-guts,

## M

May-guts, *Magoots*.  
 Mead'n, a *Maid*; also  
     *made*.  
 Meary, *Mary*.  
 Meary o'Dic s vid. *Tum-*  
     *mus o'Williams*.  
 Measter, *Master*.  
 Measy, giddy, vertiginous.  
 Meawlt, mouldy.  
 Meawntebank a *Quack*.  
 Meawse, a *Mouse*.  
 Meawt, to *Moult*. Du.  
 Meawth, a *Mouth*.  
 Meawng'nt, did eat greedily.  
 Meazytow, giddy, or empty  
     *headed*.  
 Medi'n, *Medicine*.  
 Meeon, mean; also to go  
     *buttoes*; also a thing bad  
     *in its kind*.  
 Meawse-neeze, q. *Mouse*  
     *nests*, *Knaveish actions*.  
 Meeny, a family; also very  
     *many*. Fr.  
 Meeterly, indifferent, mo-  
     *derate*.  
 Meet-neaw, *this moment*.  
 Meet-shad, *exceeded*.  
 Meety, *mighty*.  
 Meeverly, *modestly*, *hand-*  
     *somely*, *gently*.  
 Meg-harry, a *robust Girl*  
     *that plays with boys*.  
 Mith, *me*; also *my*.  
 Mennaw, *cannot*, *may not*.  
     A. S.  
 Mex'n, to *cleans* a *Stub*,  
     &c. A. S.

## M

Mey, or } *may*; also *make*,  
 Make, }  
 Meyt, *meat*.  
 Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery-fac'd*  
     *full of red pimples*. Du.  
 Midge, a *Gnat*. A. S.  
 Middingpuce, a *Sink* or  
     *sewer*. Br.  
 Min, to *min on*, is to put in  
     *mind*.  
 Misfartins, *misfortunes*.  
 Misgives, *forbodes*, *tells*.  
 Mismanner, *clownish*  
     *unmannerly*.  
 Mistrustin, *doubted*, *sus-*  
     *pectsd*.  
 Mitch-go-dee'o, *much*  
     *good may it do you*.  
 Byth'Mils, a *common kind*  
     *of an oath from Mass*.  
 Miscaw, to *call nick-names*.  
 Mishmash, a *bodge-podge*,  
     Fr.  
 Mistene, *mistaken*.  
 Mistol, a *Cowhouse*.  
 Mitch, *mutch*.  
 Mitten', *Gloves without*  
     *fingers*, also a very strong  
     *pair to hedge in*. Fr.  
 Mizzles, *Rains a little*. A. S.  
 Mizzleth, a *raining softly*.  
 Mizzy, a *Quagmire*.  
 Mob, n *Women's close Cap*.  
 Moider, to *puzzle*; also a  
     *Moidore*.  
 Molart, a *Mop to clean O-*  
     *tens* vid. *Mawkin*.  
 Mon, a *Man*.  
 Monny, *many*.

Mooast,



## M

Mooast, *moft*  
 Moods, *earth* Sw.  
 Moor, *a bill*; also *a common*, also *more* A. S.  
 Mooter, *Mill-toll*.  
 Moother, *Mother*.  
 Moot, *might* A. S.  
 Moot point, *exact*, very *near*  
 Moot'n, } *might have done*  
 Met'n, }  
 Mough, *a Mow of Hay*,  
 &c. A. S.  
 Mough'n, *being very hot*,  
*to sweat from Molten* A.S.  
 Mourning, *Morning*  
 Mowdywarp, *a Mole*. A.S.  
 Moydert, *puzzl'd*, non-  
*puls'd*  
 Mullock, *dirt*, *Rubbish*.  
 Mun, or } *must*.  
 Munt, }  
 Munneh, *must I*.  
 Muse'n, *to think or wonder*.  
 Murth, *abundance*.  
 Mustert-bo, q. *Mustard*-  
*ball*.  
 Muyce, *Mice*.  
 Muz, *a Nurses Term for*  
*Mouth*.  
 Muzzy *sleepy*; also *a little*  
*drunk*.

## N

NAB, } *a by Name for*  
 Ab, } *Abraham*  
 Nang-nele, *a Sort of corns*  
 A. S.  
 Narfe, *Fundament*. A. S.  
 Naw, *not*

## N

Nawstler, *an Ostler*.  
 Ne, or } *may*  
 Ney, }  
 Neeam, *an Aunt* A. S.  
 Neamt, *named*.  
 Neatril, *a Natural*, *a fool*.  
 Neatril, *a Natural*, *a Fool*.  
 Neaw, } *now*.  
 Nah, }  
 Neb, *a point*; *the fore part*  
*of a Cap*, &c. A. S.  
 Ned, } *these are us'd pro-*  
 and } *miscuously, for*  
 Need'n } *need and did not*  
 } *need; and go-*  
 } *vern'd by the*  
 } *Word following*.  
 Necessary, *mistaken for ac-*  
*cessary*.  
 Necom, *an Unkle*. A. S.  
 Neen, *Eyes*, also *nine*.  
 Neeft, *a Nest*; *a song best*  
 A. S.  
 Neet, or } *Night*.  
 Neeight }  
 Neeze, *Coughing by being*  
*tickl'd in the Nose*. A. S.  
 Nele, *a Nail*.  
 Neme, *a Name*.  
 Nese, *the Noise* A. S.  
 Nesh, *Tender* A. S.  
 Nestlecock, *the Darling*, *a*  
*last Child*. A. S.  
 Nettle, *to vex*.  
 Newer, *never*  
 Ney, *may*  
 Neyve, *a Fist*  
 Nice, *strange*, *comical*, also  
*neat*  
 Nifle,

Nifle, a nice bit of any thing,  
also Trifling

Ninnyhommer, a vile  
Dunce

Nip, the Name of a Dog;  
also to pinch, bite, cheat,  
or wrong

Noant, an Aunt

Nob, the Head

Noger, an Augar A. S.

Noggin, a small pale hold-  
ing a Mefs Bel,

Nominy, a speech

Nook, a Corner Bel,

Noon

Oon, } an Oven

Nooncap, the Labourers  
resting time after dinner

Now, no

Nown, own

Nowt, nothing; also naught  
or bad

Nudge, to jog, or hit

Nuer, never

Nuzz-e-boz, q Nose itb'  
bosom

Nuzzle, to stick the Nose in  
Bosome, A, S,

O

O', Sometimes us'a as a,  
on, you, and of

Oamfry, Humfrey

Oandurth, Afternoon A, S,

Oather, either

Obeawt, about

Oboon, above.

Obunnunze, abundance

Od, a diminutive of God, an  
Interjection; also strange,

Odder; very strange

Oddsfish, a diminutive of  
God's flesh; an interjection

Odds-on-eends, odd tri-  
fling things

Oe'rley, a Leathern Sur-  
cingle

O'erlcutcht, done slightly

Oe'r't, over it

Off-at-fide, Mad, delirious

Ofore, before

Ogen, again; also against

Ogoddil, if God will

Ogreath, well. right

Ogreyt matter on im, no  
great Matter on him, he's  
not worth pitying

On, in, on, and, of, and upon

Onner, of your

Onny, any

Onoo, a sufficient Quantity

Onough, enough

On-o-wey, always

On's, ones

On ye been o mon, q. if  
you be a Man

Oon, an Oven

Os, to try

Os lee'f, I wou'd chuse A, S,

Offing, trying, offering

Oft, as the; also, as it;  
also essay'd, try'd

Ot, at; also that

Othergets, q. otherguise,  
otherfort, otherwise

Otherweys, otherwise

Ots, that is

Ottey, that I

Ottle, that thou will

Over:

## P

Over bodit, *is when a new upper part is put to the Skirts of an old Garment*

Oufel, *a Black-bird* A, S,

Owd, *old,*

Owd Harry } *Names for*

Owd Nick } *the devil*

Owdhum, *a large Village near Rochdale*

Owey, *away*

Owle, *an Ox* Du

Owt, *any thing; also gosa* A, S,

Oytch, *each, every*

## P

Paddock, *a small enclosure*

To P.n, *to joyn, to agree*

Papper, *Paper.*

Parfit, *perfect*

Parish, *starv'd, or very cold*

Pars'n, *Parson; also a person*

Peawnd, *o Pound*

Peawr, *abundance, also might*

Peawseawse } *the strong*  
Paxwax } *white tendons in a Neck of Veal, &c,*

Pede, *paid*

Pedidigree, *for Pedigree*

To Pee, *is to squint queerly*

Peel, *did strike or beat*

To Peigh, *to cough*

Penny-whip, *very small Beer*

## P

Peshunce, *patience*

Pestil, *the shank of a Ham of Bacon*

Pet, to Pet: *is to be surly*

Pettish, *apt to be surly.*

Petch, *a Patch*

Petch-wark, *Patch-work*

Pews'nt, *Poisoned*

Pey, *a Pea*

Peys, *does beat*

Peyling, *striking or knocking rudely*

Phippunny, *Fivepenny*

Pickle, *Case, condition* Du.

Peice-woo, *as much Wool as makes a piece*

Piipit. *Pulpit*

Pingot, *a small croft near the house*

Pinn, *to do a thing in haste or eagerly*

Pissmote, *Ants*

Pleawmtree, *Plumbtree,*

Pleck, *a Place.* A, S,

Plees, *please*

Plucks, *the Lungs*

Poo, *a Pool, or Pond*

Poo'd, *pull'd*

Ploogh, *a slighting Interjection*

Poots, *Young Hens, &c.* Fr

Pop, *a short space; to pop in, to go in*

Popt, *dipt; also put in*

Possing, *an action between thrusting and knocking*

Pot-crate, *a large open*

-basket-

P

*basket to carry earthenware in*  
**Pste**, *to thrust with the feet Fr,*  
**Pottert**, *disturb'd, vex'd*  
**Pow**, *to cut Hair, also a Pole*  
**Powse**, *Lumber, Offal*  
**Powsement**, *a term given to bad person*  
**Protty**, *pretty*  
**Preatt**, *praised*  
**Pre o** } *pray you*  
**Piey o** }  
**Prime**, *the best, or very good*  
**Primely**, *very well*  
**Pr oft**, *proved*  
**Proven**, *provender*  
**Pumping**, *asking of questions*  
**Punch'd** }  
**Punst**, } *kicked*  
**Purr'd** }  
**Puie**, *to cry; also a pew*  
**Puppv**, *a fool; also a puppet*  
**Pynots**, *Magpies*

Q

**Q** *Uagmire, a very boggy Place*  
**Quandary**, *at a Loss, in a brown Study Fr*  
**Queyn** } *a where; a term*  
**Quean** } *of reproach A.S.*  
**Quiet'nt**, *made still*  
**Quisting Pots**, *half Gills. from Quaffing. A, S.*

R

**R** *Abblement, the crow or Mob*

Q

**Rack** *(of Mutton,) a neck of Mutton, also a frame to hold fodder for cattle,*  
**Rack and reend**, *to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin*  
**Raddlings**, *long Sticks*  
**Raddle the boons**, *is to beat soundly*  
**Rank**, *wrong.*  
**Rap and reend** } *do all they possibly can A.S.*  
**Rapan tear**, }  
**Rapscallion**, *an ill person*  
**Rascatly**, *Knavishly*  
**Rash**, *a sort of itch with Infants*  
**Rachdaw**, *Rochdale a town in Lancashire*  
**Ratcher**, *a Rock. Rocky*  
**Rattlt**, *scolded from rattled*  
**Rakth Fire**, *is to cover the Fire to keep it in*  
**Reawk,,** *to iale in neighbours houses*  
**Reawp**, *a hoarse cold*  
**Reant**, *rained*  
**Rearest** *finest, best*  
**Reaving**, *mad; also talking in ones sleep*  
**Reawnt**, *did whisper.*  
**Reawst**, *rust*  
**Recak**, } *to squall, to make a shrieking noise. A. S.*  
**Reeam**, }  
**Reeam**, *Cream*  
**Reeam Mag**, *the creaming*

Reeam,



## R

## R

Reean, a Gutter.  
 Recast } the outside of Ba-  
 Reest } con.  
 Reech, } smoke. A. S.  
 Reek, }  
 Recok, a shriek  
 Reesupper, a second Supper  
 Reet, right.  
 Reeht, smoaked. A. S.  
 Render, to stew, to sepearate  
 the skinny from the fat  
 Part of suet &c.  
 Restut, rested.  
 Rether, rather.  
 Rey, } raw.  
 Rea, }  
 Reytch, reach. also rich  
 Rick, to gingle; also to  
 scold; also a Stack of corn.  
 &c. A. S.  
 Ricking, jingling; also scold-  
 ing.  
 Rid, to part two fighting.  
 Ridd'n, did ride, or being rid.  
 Riding, is the hangiang upon  
 Persins for Liquor.  
 Riddle, a coarse Sieve. Br.  
 Rife, common, swarming.  
 A. S.  
 Riff-Raff, Lumbr. A. S.  
 Rift, to be<sup>g</sup>h. A. S.  
 Riggot, a Channel or Gut-  
 ter; also a Half-Gelded  
 Horse, &c.  
 Rim, the Border or outside  
 of a Wheel, or Pot. A. S.  
 Rindle, a Gutter.  
 Rive, to split. A. S.  
 Riven, is split. A. S.  
 I

Romp, to leap, or run a-  
 bout.  
 Ronk, rank, streng.  
 Rooort, roared.  
 Rook, a Heap.  
 Rooze, to praise. A. S.  
 Roost, commended, praised  
 also a rest for Poultry.  
 A. S.  
 Rops, the Intralls, Brwels.  
 Rottle, to rattle in the throat  
 Rott'u, a Rott; also pu-  
 trify'd. A. S.  
 Roytch, rich.  
 Ruso, ruseful.  
 Rue Bargain, a repenting  
 Bargain.  
 Runge, a long Tub with  
 two Handels.  
 Runt, a Dwarf. Teu.  
 Rusliberring, q. Ruslibear-  
 ing, a Cuntry Wake.  
 Ruchoto' Jack's, vid Tum-  
 mus a Williams.  
 Rut, the Path of Wheels.  
 Rynty, stand off.  
 Ryz'n-Hedge, a Fence of  
 Stakes and twisted boughs.  
 S  
 Sacklefs, innocent. A. S.  
 Saig, a Saw. A. S.  
 saigh, did see.  
 Sam, to gather together, to  
 put in order.  
 Sappling, a young Oak;  
 also Oak Wood.  
 Sark, a Shirt. A. S.  
 Sartinty, cerocainly.  
 Sattlt, quiet, from still'd  
 Savort'n,

- + favort'n, *did savour.*  
 sawgh,, *a kind of Willow.*  
 sawfly, *softly, slowly.*  
 sawnter, *to walkidly about.*  
 sawt, *Salt.*  
 scallion, *an Herbin Taste,*  
*like Onion.*  
 scampo, *to run fast, to be*  
*in a Hurry. Du.*  
 scampurt, *run fast, Du.*  
 scant, } *very scarce, rare*  
 scanty, } *A. S.*  
 scarr, *a steep, bare, and*  
*rocky Place in the side of*  
*Hills. A. S.*  
 scawd, *to scald.*  
 scawd-head, *a scurfy or*  
*scabby-head.*  
 scawp, *the Head. Du.*  
 scap, *escape*  
 Scap-Gallows, *a Term of*  
*Reproach, as much as to*  
*say he deserves the Gal-*  
*lows.*  
 Schrieve, *to run wet Mat-*  
*ter, a corrupting.*  
 Scoance, *a Lantern; also*  
*the Head. Bel.*  
 A Scope, *a Bason with a*  
*Handle to lade Water*  
*Bel.*  
 To Scotch a Wheel, *is to*  
*lay a stay under it.*  
 Scramble } *a striving to*  
 Scrabble, } *catch things on*  
 Scrattle } *their Hand*  
 } *& Knees on*  
 } *the floor. A. S.*  
 Scrannil, *a meagre, or lean*  
 Person.  
 Scratting, } *a pulling with*  
 Scratching } *the Nails. Du*  
 Scrawn, *to climb awk-*  
*wardly.*  
 Scroof, *a dry sort of Scales.*  
 A. S.  
 Scrub, *to scratch or rub.*  
 A. S.  
 Scrumple, *to ruffle. A. S.*  
 Scrunt, *an ever worn Wig,*  
*Beefom, &c.*  
 Scutcht, *whipp'd; also to*  
*do a thing slightly, or*  
*quickly.*  
 Seawke, *Suck; also to suck.*  
 Seawl, *wet stuff, &c. to*  
*eat with Bread. A. S.*  
 Seawndly, *soundly, hear-*  
*tily.*  
 Seawr, *sour; also ill-u-*  
*tur'd*  
 Secont, *second.*  
 Seech, *seek,*  
 Seech'd, *do seek.*  
 Seed saw.  
 Seel or } *a sieve.*  
 Seigh }  
 Seel'n, *seldom.*  
 Seely, *weak in Body; also*  
*twifling, also empty headed*  
 See't, *saw it; also see it,*  
*also a sight.*  
 Seete, } *sat, did sit.*  
 Seet'n }  
 Seete owey,, *set off, or*  
*out.*  
 Seg, *a Gelded Bull. A. S.*  
 Sefe, *safe.*

Seign, seven.

Seln self.

Selvege, the edge of Linen Cloth.

Sen, say.

Senneh, } say you.

Sen ye, }

Sennit a Week.

Setter, an issue for Cows &c.

Sey say.

'Sfesh, a diminutive of God's flesh an interjection

Shad, over did excell'd; also divided A. S.

Shan, shall.

Shaille, to shuffle, to trifle.

Shafman, the length of a fist with the thumb standing up. A. S.

Sharn, Dung. Teu.

Shart, short.

Shawin, shame.

Shed, spill'd.

Sheed, to divide; also to over do.

Sheam't, ashamed.

Sheawt, shout.

Sheawtit, shouted.

Sheed, to spill.

Shiar, or shire, quite, entirely.

Shilders, } shoulders.

Shooders }

Shift, a Contrivance, a device; also a smock.

Shipp'n, a Cowhouse. A. S.

Shire, wholly, entirely.

Shoavt, or } thrust or push'd

Sheawvt, }

Shog, to jog; to go unfily. Teu.

Shoo, a shovel.

Shoods, Oat hulls.

Shoon, shoes.

Shop-board, a Counter from shop board.

Shough, a shoe.

Shu, a term to frighten Poultry.

Shunig, a frightening fowls.

Shy, backwards unwilling; Br.

Sib, related to, akin. A. S.

Side, very long.

Siftit, examined.

Sike, a Gutter,

Simpert, minced words affectedly. A. S.

Sin, since.

Singlet, an undy'd woollen Waistcoat.

Sinkdurt, Channel-mud.

Sitch, such.

Size, six; also proport ion also a Glue to strengthen Woollen Yarn.

Skam, did skim or take off; also to throw a thing low.

Skeawr, to make haste; also to scour. Teu.

Skellit, a small Pan with a bandie Fr.

Skellut, cook'd.

Sken, to squint. A. S.

Skew-whift, a wry.

- skime**, to draw up the nose scornfully.  
**skire**, loose open, thin.  
**skirmidge**, a little battle.  
**skrike o'day**, Day-break.  
**skrikeing**, to squall or cry out.  
**skuse**, an excuse.  
**slab**, the first board of sawn Timber.  
**slabby**, dirty. Du.  
**slaigh**, } the black-thorn  
**slawgh**, } berry. A.S.  
**slap**, a blow.  
**slapt**, Whipt beaten.  
**slash**, a Cut; also to cut  
**flat**, dirtied or wet, also did set on Dogs.  
**slaver**, the spittle.  
**slay**, the hand-board of Looms.  
**slawm**, a slumber.  
**slawtch**, any thing that hangs-down; also an ill-look'd person.  
**slawtcht-hat**, i. e. uncock'd  
**slack**, a small Pit-coal.  
**slackt**, quenched.  
**sled**, a carriage without wheels. Du.  
**slecat**, to set on dogs.  
**slack**, smooth A. S.  
**slcet**, snow and rain mix'd A. S.  
**slceveless-arnt**, a going to no purpose.  
**slicc**, a thin bit of Wood to stir Meat in Pots, &c.
- A. S.**  
**slid**, did slide, or slip; also an Interjection. A. S.  
**slieh'n**, smooth. Du.  
**slifter**, a Creviss.  
**slim**, sly, cunning. Teu.  
**sliven**, an idle Person slovenly. Du.  
**slloor**, to grasp.  
**sllood**, the path of Cart Wheels.  
**sllop**, bending or bevil.  
**sloppety**, a dirty woman.  
**slotch**, a greedy clown.  
**slough**, the cast skin of an Adder; the slime of snails also a deep dirty Place. A. S.  
**sloytch**, to take up Water, &c.  
**slur'**, to slide.  
**slutch**, mud.  
**slivin**, a dirty idle Man.  
**slinack**, a Blow; also the crack of a Whip  
**slineawtch**, a kiss.  
**slmelt'nt**, smell'd  
**slmit**, } a black spot. A.S.  
**slmut**, }  
**slmooring**, smothering A.S.  
**slmoot**, smooth. A. S.  
**slnassle**, to speak through the nose, Du.  
**slnap**, quickly; also to bite at; also to cheat, or over-reach. Du.  
**slneap**, to check. Da.  
**slneck**, the Latch of a door  
**Bel.**



## S

## S

sneeze, *snuffs* A. S.  
 sneeze-hurn, a *snuff-box*  
*made of the tip of a Horn*  
 sniddle, long grass, or  
*stubble*  
 snidge,, to hang on a person  
 snitt, a *Moment*; also to  
*snuffle at the Nose.* A. S.  
 snitter, to *snuff at the Nose*  
 A. S.  
 sniffling Fellow, a *snuff-*  
*ling sneaking person.* A. S.  
 snig, an *Eel.* A. S.  
 snips, to go *snips* is to go  
*halves, or parts with a*  
*person.*  
 snite the Nose, to blow the  
*Nose.* Br.  
 snod, smooth, sleek. A. S.  
 snoode, a *Fillet* co tie up  
*Women's Hair.*  
 snook, to smell.  
 snoor, } to make a Noise in  
 snore, } sleep.  
 snot, mucus of the Brain.  
 Du.  
 snug, tite, handsome. Du.  
 soye. to swarm; also to  
*pull up the Nose* scorn-  
 fully. A. S.  
 soany o fims, q. *Alexan-*  
*der of simeon's.*  
 sod, a clod, or Turf. Du.  
 soke, to lye in Water to sof-  
 ten. A. S.  
 soltch, a heavy fall.  
 snoblint, q. sand-blind,  
*short sighted,*  
 sops, *sofs.* A. S.

soo, a sow A. S.  
 sooyary, sorry  
 sope, a sup, a little,  
 so't, so it,  
 sow, the head.  
 sowgh; to sigh  
 sowght, sighed  
 sowl, sold  
 sowl, sought  
 spade-graft, about a foot  
 deep.  
 sparrow-bills, short nails  
 us'd by shoemakers  
 spanvin'd, a strained horse.  
 Fr.  
 speaks } the rays or staves  
 spokes, } of a Wheel, A. S.  
 speek, did spake  
 speer, a shelter in a House,  
 made between the door and  
 fire, to keep, the wind off,  
 Br.  
 spelk, a thin bit of wood,  
 A. S.  
 sperr'd, enquired; also to  
 be sperr'd, is to be publish'd  
 in the church. A. S.  
 speyk at him, speak to him.  
 splinter, a small Piece of  
 Wood. Bel.  
 spokes, the staves of a wheel.  
 Br.  
 spoat, the spittle.  
 spok'n, spoken.  
 upon new, bran new never  
 were.  
 spooart, sport.  
 spoos, bobbins for weavers.  
 shuttles.

- spots, places; also stains. stingy, sneaking, A, S;  
 spoytso, spiteful. stint, to set bounds to A, S;  
 scymous, } saucy. stirk, a heifer of a year old  
 squemous } A, S,  
 saddles, Marks made by stoar } value, also treasure  
 the small pox. A. S. store }  
 stangs, long, strong slaves, stond } stand,  
 A. S. ston', }  
 stank, did stink, Du. stonning, standing  
 stanniel, a Hawk. stoo, a stool  
 stark, very stiff. A. S. } astump in the roads  
 stark-giddy, very angry. } to keep Carts off:  
 mad. } also Pieces of  
 stark'en, to stiffen as mitton stud, } Wood or stone by  
 fat in the frost, A, S, } which Gates are  
 staw, to be reshy, will not } hang'd,  
 go. A, S, }  
 stawnch, stanch, firm; stown, stolen  
 also to satisfy. Fr. stracklings, rash, foolish  
 stawnslons, upright slaves persons  
 in a Window Fr. stract, off their senses  
 stawp, to go clumsily strawnge, strange, un-  
 stawtert, reeled. known  
 steart, stared streck, did strike  
 steawk, a handle strey, straw  
 steawp, to stoop down strike, two pecks, A, S,  
 steawp on reawp, all, e- strickle, an Instrament to  
 very part. mete corn; also another  
 steawt, q, stout; also to whet sythes, A, S,  
 proud. A, S, strinkle, q, sprinkle  
 steigh a Ladder; also a stile strines, the sides of a lader  
 steep, Renner stroakt, stroaked  
 steepo, a steeple. stroke, of corn two pecks,  
 steyl, a handle strung, strong,  
 stickle. to stand stiffly to a strunt, vid, serunt,  
 thing. Teu, strushon, waste  
 stickle-but, stickt strowlt, q, strolled  
 sticht, pierced, gored stub. an old stump  
 stiddy, in anxi, A, S, stuff, to cr m; also a gene-

ral name for many things, swill, to wash slightly,

Du,

stunnish, to stun, also to twinging stick, a stick for  
sprain the sinews beating or opening Wool,

stur, stir

suds, a lather, A, S,

sulky, subtle, ill-natur'd

summot, somewhat

sunheaw, some way

sunk'd, sunk,

sur, sir

suse six

swat, to swoon

swad, a Pease or bean husk

swaith } a single row of

swathe } grass cut by a

swathe } Mower. Du.

swathe-b-wkt, grassmifs'd

in cutting between the

swathes

swamp, a Boggy place Teu

swarffy, tawny, blackish,

A, S,

swarm'n, do swarm; also

a great number

swat, sweat, also did sweat-

swatch, a piece for a sam-

ple,

swattle, to waste things by

degrees, to drink

sweamish, a bad stomach,

jaucy

sweltit, hot with sweating

q, melted, A, S,

swéal, to burn, to blaze,

A, S,

swilker, to dash over, to

shake liquor in a Vessel,

A, S,

A, S.

swingle-tree, a piece of

Wood to keep the Geers of

a horse open,

swither, } to blaze, to burn,

swithur } very fiercely,

swoon, to faint A, S,

swop, exchange

syce, to put Milk, &c.

thro' a sieve; also to rain

very fast,

T

TA', take

T'a, to a

Tak't, take it,

Talemed's Father, the

Author of Telliamed, or

the Indian Philosopher,

Tarrit. tarried

Tat, that

Tawk'n, they talk,

Tawkn't did talk

Tawm. to swoon, to vomit

Te, } thy; also the; also

Teh, } they

Tead'n, } they had

Theyd'n } they had

Tealie,, a Taylor

Tean, taken

Tearn, they were

T'eat, to eat

Teastril, a cunning Rogue

Teathy, peevish, cross,

A, S,

Teaw, to pull; also to work

haxe

## T

*hird*; also to ruffle a  
 Person; also thou A. S.  
 Teawing, hawling, ruff-  
 ing, working hard, A. S.  
 Teawn, a Town  
 Teawst, } thou shall,  
 Theawst }  
 Teawrt, thou art,  
 Teawse, to pull or rufflo,  
 Teawzer, q. Towzer  
 Ted, to spread Grasse for  
 Hay. A. S.  
 Tee, thee; also a Hair  
 Repe to shackle Cows in  
 Milking.  
 Teear, they were; also to  
 rent  
 Teem, to pour out. A. S.  
 Teeny, fretful; vid. Tea-  
 thy; also very little. A. S.  
 Tele, a Tail, or Tale  
 Tell, to know  
 Tem'd, pour'd out, A. S.  
 Tems, a Sieve. A. S.  
 Ten, then,  
 Tent, to guard.  
 Tey, take; also thy,  
 Tey't, take it.  
 Teytch, teach  
 'Tharcake, q. Hearth-  
 cake, from being bak'd on  
 the Hearth. 'Tis made  
 of Oat-meal unleavened  
 mixed with Butter &  
 Treacle.  
 Thee thee; also thy; also  
 they.  
 Theaw, thou,  
 Theawrt, thou art.

## T

Thear'n, they were.  
 Theaw'll thou will.  
 Theawm, } Thumb.  
 Thame, }  
 Theaws'n, } Thousand.  
 Theawson, }  
 Theawst, thou shall.  
 Theeigh, a thigh.  
 Theese, these,  
 They'n. they will.  
 Thible, vid. Slice  
 Thick podditch, thick  
 water Gruel.  
 Thin, than.  
 Thing'n, Things will  
 Think, a thing.  
 This'n, after this manner,  
 Thooan } wetfish.  
 Thoan, }  
 Those'n, those will.  
 Thowt. thought  
 Thodden Bread, &c. is  
 said to be thodd' u when it  
 is stiff and close like the li-  
 ver of Hogs.  
 Thooal, to afford. A. S.  
 Thrang, throng. A. S.  
 Thrap-wife, vid. Thrunck  
 A. S.  
 Thraw, } to argue hot, and  
 Threap } loud. A. S.  
 Thrift, a Pain in the joints  
 of young Persons. Teu  
 Thummo, to finger a thing  
 too long, as a Miser his  
 Money; also Yarn ill spun.  
 Throddy, } fat, broad,  
 Throdde } bulky,

Throttecm,



T

Throtteen, *thirteen*,  
 Throttlt'. *strangled*.  
 Thrung } *very busy*  
 Thrunk }  
 Thrunk os thrap-wife  
 when hoo hong'd'er fell  
 ith Dishcleawt, *this is*  
*spoken of persons triflingly*  
*busy*: A. S.  
 Thrut, *the throw of a stone*,  
*Ec.* also *the throw in*  
*wrestling*.  
 Thrutches, *thrusts*.  
 Thrutcht, *did thrust*; also  
*am thrust*, or *squeez'd*.  
 Thrutchings, *the last press'd*  
*Whey in making of cheese*.  
 Thump, *a blow*.  
 Thumping, *a striking*;  
 also *a thing very large or*  
*notorious*.  
 Thunk; *a Lace of Whit-*  
*leather*. A. S.  
 Thurn, *a thorn*.  
 Thwack } *a great blow*; al-  
 Thwang } *so a large piece*  
 } *of Bread or*  
 } *Cheese*. A. S.  
 Thwole } *to afford*, to al-  
 Thooal, } *low*. A. S.  
 Thooanish, *a little wet*.  
 Thwite, *to cut with a knife*.  
 Thwittle, *a wooden-hafted*  
*Knife*.  
 Tick, *a Vermin on Cows*,  
*Ec.*  
 Tift, *to be in good Tift is to*  
*be in good Order*.  
 Tike, *perhaps from Tick*

T

*which see*, any out of the  
*way Person*, is call'd a  
*tike*.  
 Tilly, *till I*.  
 Timmerfome. q. *timorous*  
*fearful*.  
 Tin, *till*; also *to shut a*  
*Door*.  
 Tinge, *a small red Insect*.  
 Tinn'd, *is shut*.  
 Tit, *a horse or mare*.  
 Tutter, *to laugh*. teu.  
 Titter, or *latter*, *sooner*, or  
*later*. A. S.  
 Tite, *neat, spruce*; also, *as*  
*well*, *as soon*.  
 Tizeday, *Tuesday*.  
 To, *too*; also, *thou*.  
 Toart, *toward*.  
 Tone, *the one*.  
 Tooart, *a T---d*. A. S.  
 Tooad, *a Toad*,  
 Toocat, *a Tuft of Hair*,  
*Grass, Ec.*  
 Toole, *those*.  
 To't, *to it*.  
 Too-to, *us'd when any thing*  
*excels*.  
 Topple, *stagger*, also *to*  
*fall*.  
 Tory-rory, *vid. Hey-go-*  
*mad*.  
 Tother, *the other*.  
 Towd, *told*.  
 Tyne, *shut*.  
 Tynt, *is shut*.  
 Toyart, *wearied*.  
 Track, *a Path*, *as sheep*  
*tracks, Ec. Fr.*  
 Tramp,

## T

**Tramp**, a Journey, to tramp  
is to travel.

**Trash**, a ripe fruit; also an  
over-worn shoe. *ten.*

**Trat**, did treat.

**Tiaunce**, a tedious Jour-  
ney.

**Treackle** - Butter - Cake,  
bread spread o'er with  
Treacle.

**Trest**, a strong large stool,  
Fr.

**Trice**, a Moment, quickly

**Trig**, to run softly,

**Trindle**, the trundle of a  
Wheel-barrow. *A. S.*

**Trouble'o**, trouble you.

**Troubl't**, troubled.

**Tum**, to Tum Wool, is to  
card it slightly.

**Tum**, a By-name for Tho-  
mas.

**Tummas** o' Williams, o'  
Margit, o' Roaph's, q.

Thomas of William's of  
Margaret, of Ralph's.

These proper Names are  
us'd in some Parts of Lan-

cashire, to distinguish per-  
sons, where there are many

of the same name in the  
same Neighbourhood.

**Tunor**, Tuner a dog's name

**Tung**, Tongue.

**Tup**, a Ram.

**Tupunny**, two-penny.

**Turmits**, turnips.

**Turmoil**, to vex; also to  
work very hard.

## T

**Tussle**, to struggle, to wrestle.

**Tutch**, a comical Trick.

**Tuttle**, an awkward person  
in shape, humour, &c.

**Twattle**, to S---te; also;  
to go about with tales.

*Bel.*

**Twinge**, to nip, to squeeze  
*Bel.*

**Twindles**, twins. *A. S.*

**Twinter**, a year old heifer.

**Twirl**, to whirl. *A. S.*

**Twirlpoo**, a Whirl-pool,  
*A. S.*

**Twitch**, to pinch, to nip.  
*A. S.*

**Twitch-ballock**, the great  
black Beetle. *A. S.*

**Twitter**, is to laugh secretly  
within a Twitter is within

a little; twitter't yarn is  
unevenly spun. *ten.*

**'Twou'd**, it wou'd.

**'Twur**, is was; also, it were

**Tyke**, vid. *Tike.*

**Tyne**, to shut. *A. S.*

**Tyney**, very little,

## U

**Uddz** lud  
**Uddzo**,

diminutive  
oaths from  
Gods blood  
and Gods-  
wounds no  
interjecti-  
ons not  
commonly  
understood.

**Um**, them.

**Unbethowt**,

U

W

Unbethowt, *reflected, remembered,*

Unlaight, or } *unlaugh'd*

Unleawght, }

Unkert, } *Strange ; also*

Uncoth, } *News. A. S.*

Uphowd, *maintain, uphold to warrant a thing,*

Uphowdteh, *maintain it thee,*

Uphowdo', *maintain it to you,*

Urchon, *a Hedge-hog, A, S*

Us't. *used,*

V

**V**Arlet, *a vile person, F*

Varment, *Vermin,*

Varry, *very.*

Vecol, *Veal,*

View-tree, *the Yew-tree,*

W

**W**AKKER *easy to be awaked, Du,*

Wack'nt, *awaked, Du*

Waddle, *to stagger, or go like Ducks, Du.*

Waesme, *woe is me*

Waggle, *to go like Ducks, Bel,*

Wamble, *vid Waddle, A, S*

Wag. *to move to and fro; also an arch-person, A, S,*

Walk-mill, *a Fulling Mill Bel,*

Walladey, *q, wail the day! an Interjection of sorrow*

Wantit, }

Wantut }

Want'n, *want,*

Wap, *a Peep ; Wap't by, is went swiftly by,*

War and war, *worse and worse*

Wark, *Wok ; also-ached A, S,*

Wark-brattle, *loving to Work, A, S,*

Warkt, *ached, A, S,*

Ward, }

World }

Warry, *to Curse, A, S,*

Warrit, *did Curse*

Warritt'n, *Warrington,*

Warst, *worst*

Wracht, *ached, A, S,*

Wattles, *the lowest Parts of a Cock's Comb, ten,*

Waughish, *faintish, sickly,*

Weuter, *to stagger A, S,*

Wawk'n, *walk,*

Wawt, *overturn A, S,*

Wax, *grow A, S,*

Waybroad, *the herb plain-tain, A, S,*

Weal, *to chuse,*

Wear, *to lay out Money; also, a Dam. Br.*

Wea's-me, *q. woe is me an Interjection of sorrow,*

Weaughing, *Barking;*

Weaw, *the cry of a cat*

Weeks of the Mouth, *the sides of it,*

Weekly, *moist wetish*

Wheel, *well*

Ween, *we have ; also we will*

Weet, *wet; also with it. AS*

Weete,

## W

Weete, *to wet*, A, S,  
 Weh, *with*  
 Well'd, *boil'd, or scalded*  
     *Milk; also to forge Iron,*  
 Welly, or } q. *well-nigh,*  
 Well-ney } *very near*  
 Welkin, *the sky* A, S,  
 Welt, *a doubling in the*  
     *Garment; also an Hem,*  
     A, S,  
 Wem, *the Belly*, A, S,  
 Went'n. *went*  
 Wetur, *Water*,  
 Wetur-tawms } *sick Fits,*  
                     *water*  
                     *qualms.*  
 Wey, *way*  
 Weynt, *weaned*  
 Whackert, *quaked, trem-*  
 Whaff, } *a blast of Wind,*  
 Whaft, } A, S,  
 Whake *to tremble*  
 Wharle-knot, *a hard knot*  
 Wharloch, *a Wizzard,*  
 Whau, *why; also well; an*  
     *Interjection,*  
 Whawm, *to take a whawm*  
     *is to warm ones self,*  
 Wheant } q *quaint stronge,*  
 Wheint } *also comical,*  
 Whean, } q *Queen a whore*  
 Wheign } *a flat, Du*  
 Wheas'n, *the Gullet* A, S,  
 Whe-ze, *to make a Noise in*  
     *Breathing,* A, S,  
 Wheem, *near; also banch,*  
     A, S,  
 Whewtit, }  
 Wheawtit } *Whifled*

## W

Wherr, *very Sour,*  
 Wherkn't, *suffocated with*  
     *Water, smoak, &c*  
 Wherrit, *a Blx on the ea.;*  
     *also did Laugh*  
 Wherrying *Laughing*  
 Whelpt, *whelped,* A, S,  
 Whick, *alive*  
 Whisso, Whaffo, or whiff  
     *whaff, trifling words or*  
     *Deeds*  
 Whimper, *offering to Cry.*  
     Ten  
 Whinney *to Neigh* Br,  
 Whirl-booan, *the round*  
     *Bone of the knee, the Pa-*  
     *tella,*  
 Whirlyboocans, *the knees*  
 Whisht, *Hush, silence,*  
 Whisk-telt, *light of carriage*  
     *Whoreish*  
 Whitky, *Whorish*  
 Whinnit, *neighed,* Br.  
 Whithern, *whither will*  
 Whiz, *to hiss as a flying*  
     *Bullet,* A, S,  
 Whoam, *Home*  
 Whoav't, *covered* A S  
 Whooad, *who would; also*  
     *who bad*  
 Whoats, *Oats*  
 Whoo-up, *shouting when*  
     *all's over*  
 Whoo-who, -whoo-who,  
     *whoo! an Interjection of*  
     *great surprize*  
 Whot, *what.*  
 What's what is:

Whott'n,



## W

Whott'n, *what will they ;*

*also, what will you*

Whottle, *what will*

Whotyel, q. *Hot Awl, an*  
*Iron to bore holes*

Why-kawve, *a female calf*

Wiek, *a Week*

Wilecat, q. *Wild Cat, the*  
*Pole cat*

Wilcome, *welcome*

Wimmy, *with me*

Win, *will*

Winnaw, *will not*

Winrow, *Hay put together*  
*in rows before housing it.*

Winte, *the Wind*

Wisket, *a Basket,*

Wistey, *a large spacious*  
*place*

Witheawt, *without*

Wither, *very strong, lusty,*

Wither } *with her ; also*  
          } *with your*

Wizz'n, *to pine away to*  
*dwindle,*

Woso, *woful*

Wonst, *once; also on purpose*

Woo, *Wool*

Wooans, *Lives or dwells*

Wooant, *did live A, S,*

Woode, *mad A S*

Wori, *a word; also new*  
*Liquor, A, S,*

Worich, *to work*

Wou'd, *I wish.*

Wou'didd'n } *I wish you*

Woudyedd'd } *wou'd*

Wough, *a Wall. A. S.*

## K

## Y

W rang }  
Wrang } *wrong.*

Wroffle. *to wrestle also to*  
*grow rip;*

Wroffling, *Wrestling, Du*

Wrynnot, *a surname.*

*He shad Wrynnot, and*

*Wrynnot shad the devil*

Wrythen, *twisted; also, ill-*  
*natur'd. A, S,*

Wryth'nly *perushy A S*

Wondert *wondered*

Wuns *lives: also, an inter-*  
*jection from wounds A S*

Wunt *did live A S*

War, *was*

Worneh }  
Worney } *were you*

Wurr *worse*

Wurr'n *was, were*

Wurrit }  
Wart, } *was it*

Wurther *was there*

Wythin Kibbo, *a strong*  
*willow stick*

Wyzles *stalks of potatoes*  
*turnips &c*

## Y

YALB *a herb*

Yammer *to desire ea-*  
*gerly*

Yarley, *early soon in the*  
*Morning*

Yean *you will; also a sheep*  
*is said to yeane when she*  
*brings forth A S*

Yeanderto *before noon*

Yeasting *the eaves of an boase*

Yestmus

**Y**

Yestmus } a handful  
 Yestpintle }  
 Yealy easy  
 Yeate a Gate  
 Yearnstful very earnest  
 Years Ears  
 Yeawl q howl like a dog  
 Yed a by-name for Edward  
 Yem, a byname for Edmund  
 Yoarth Earth A S  
 Yepfintle two hands full  
 Yer your  
 Yigh yes, yea  
 Yo you  
 Yoan you will you have  
 Yoar you are  
 Yood'n you was  
 Yorshar Yorkshire to put  
 Yorkshire of a man is to

**Z**

trick, cheat, or deceive him  
 Yort a Fold or Yard  
 Yuletide Christmas time  
 A S  
 Yugams Christmas Games  
 A S  
 Yugoads Christmas play-  
 things A S  
 Yusterday Yesterday  
 Yusterneetyesternight  
 Yunk } Young  
 Yung }  
 Yunger younger ; also  
 youngest

**Z**

Z Uns a petty Oath from  
 Gods-wounds; an in-  
 terjection



---

T H E  
B L A C K - B I R D :  
A  
P O E M.

---

The DEDICATION.

To the most High, and Mighty,

Stern - visag'd P L U T O,

PRINCE of STYGIAN DARKNESS, *chief* ENGINEER of NOCTURNAL THUNDER, and GENERALISSIMO of all the departed GHOSTS in the *infernal Regions*, &c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS and dread PRINCE !

I Am very sensible 'tis the highest Presumption in me imaginable to address the following Poem to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements ; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an Asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable Enemy) but in your swarthy Dominions ? tho' at the same time she flies to you for protection, She's possess'd with an ominous Fear, that when her Adversary makes his Exit

## The DEDICATION.

out of these terrestrial Regions, you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the Bench, and assign to his profound and equitable Care all the European Provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant Judge in your shady Jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profounded Wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarch! that 'tis my humble Opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling Critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my Advocate since 'tis the D---l of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure Style. and therefore none so proper for its patron Paramont, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another Reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient, or modern Higlars in Rhime ever dedicated any of their Productions to your dusky Godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous Name, extol your supreme Power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the Cosmography of your ample Dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny Gods, and Goddesses, of meer terrestrial Lump; and the Press has given us a modern Proof of a Thresher, who has thrown down his unweildy Flail, and taken up the pliant nimble Pen, to make one, who has lately pass'd thro' your sooty Territories, as Powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddess CYBLE was to the Ancients.

Since the clumsy Flail has presum'd to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darkness! of the first fruits of the swift-pac'd Shuttle; which was a scion that blossom'd, and whose Fruit came to Maturity this keen benumbing storm, when Looms were more terrible to cringing thin-belly'd Weavers, than ever the Pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of yours, *Pryn & Bastick.*

And



## The DEDICATION.

And now methinks I have almost beaten that modish, and much-frequented Path of Dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile Flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great Self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel*: Neither would I have you think, that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offer'd the *Black-Bird* to your Gastliness as a propitiation for some enormous Crime, committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-Bird*, on her well ballanc'd sable pinions, to your footyness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch, and nestle about your awful Throne: If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go. Whistle, I am,

tremendous Sir,

now,

and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,

Jan. 15th, 1739.

T H E

# BLACK-BIRD;

A P O E M.

The I N V O C A T I O N.

*Thou who with Ale or vile Liquors,  
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,  
 And force them, tho' it was in spite  
 Of Nature, and their Stars to write;  
 Assist me but this once, I'mplere,  
 And I shall trouble thee no more.*

HUD.

**W**HEN bright Apollo's flaming Car had run  
 The Southern Course, and in our Climes  
 begun

To perfect Blossoms, and the budding Flow'rs  
 To paint the Fields; and form the shady Bow'rs,  
 The distant Prospect's all around were seen,  
 To wear a curious Eye-delighting-Green;  
 And School-boys stood, while Sloth put on the Reins  
 And with cramm'd Satchels sauntered in the Lanes;  
 The younger Sort wou'd stroll about to get  
 The *Daisy*, *Primrose*, and the *Violet*;

While

While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager Eyes wou'd view  
 Each Bush, and Tree, from whence a *Linnet* flew,  
 And every Hedge did pry into, to find  
 The downy Structure of the feather'd Kind.

SUCH were the Days when *MINOS* wou'd be dress'd  
 To look more awful on a Day of Rest ;  
 His sapient Head he deckt in *Perriwig*  
 Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big ;  
 His Beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise, he pull'd  
 So low, his Forehead in it seem'd involv'd,  
 But this was done, his Visage more to grace,  
 And cou'd a third Part from his peuting Face ;  
 Being Cloak'd and Booted, they who knew him not  
 Thought *HUDIBRAS* o'er gloomy *Styx* had got :  
 And as that Knight, so he'd a 'Squire to wait,  
 Whene'er he sall'y'd forth thro' creaking Gate.  
 This for his Outward-man ; but I must strain  
 For to dissect his wonder-working Brain ;  
 Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning Muse,  
 To bathe my Skull in crowning Laurel-juice ;  
 But since I've ventur'd the Out-side to scan,  
 I'll slightly touch upon his Inward-man.  
 (But know, my angry Muse reflects not on  
 This tinkling Cymbal for it's jarring Tone ;  
 But for affecting those Celestial Airs.  
 By which the Organ charms the list'ning Ears.)

If Speech be the true Index of the Mind,  
 And doth denote with what the Head is lin'd,  
 We may conclude, that since his Speech is clipp'd,  
 His moving Garret is but half equipp'd :  
 But lest a Pun won't please the wou'd-be-wise,  
 His Wit wants Ballast, and his Judgment Eyes ;  
 For Nature made him without Care, or Art,  
 And lest unfinish'd much the better Part ;  
 Or else in forming, tir'd with too much Pain,  
 She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his Brain.

If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd,  
 Or how the Bench comes with his Worship grac'd  
 That Thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we

Are sway'd by Fools, much greater Knaves than he.  
 We grant, he seems a genuine Chip of those  
*Convention-Wits*, who lead us by the Nose;  
 'Tis true, we go like BRUIN to the Stake,  
 Who knows his Task, & fain his Bonds wou'd break.  
 But forced on, he shakes his shaggy Fur,  
 And looks with Fury on each bridl'd Cur;  
 \* *Craftsman*, the Bearward, doth promulgate Law,  
 And threatens Wounds from deep Panonian-Jaw;  
 Asserting ne'er a Collar'd-Whelp doth play  
 The Game that's fair, but runs a Thievish Way;  
 And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,  
 Each Cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first,  
 Or, if you please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast  
 And Hairy-Ruffi'ns kick'd from ev'ry Post.  
 Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,  
 If my old Grannum may be Treasurer,  
 For I'm her only Fav'rite, and must taste with her.

But lest some Critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,  
 And from a *Black-Bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,  
 I'll to his Worship once again repair,  
 That's going now to snuff the Country Air,  
 After a Turn or two, within the Room,  
 A Hem breaks forth----and then he calls his Groom  
*Here Jack! Where's Jack?* I'm here his Man replies;  
*Bring out my Horse*, and straightway *John* complies.  
 He being gone, the Knight must see the Glais,  
 To fix some upright *Airs* in oblong Face;  
 His hand adorn'd with ruff'd shirt he drew,  
 Unto his head, and set his Wig askew;  
 Then gently strok'd his manly Beard, and then  
 Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again;  
 The Bob before he'd often tofs behind,  
 As pleas'd his curious self-admiring Mind;  
 He lower'd his Eye-brows, made a furrow'd Brow,  
 Pull'd in his Chin, more majesty to show:



Pleas'd with the sight, and sist aside the man  
 Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began :  
 " I'll say't thou'rt Graceful ;--very graceful-and  
 Thy very look will reverence command !  
 Thy dress is handsome,----very genteel :----still  
 Not the least Foppish if i've any skill :  
 Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate  
 Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,  
 Or, as the proverb says can see as far  
 Into a Millstone"--here the Gate did jar ;  
 For John had done according to command  
 And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand,  
 THE steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,  
 And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's Beast ;  
 Nor ever was Don QUIXOTT's dapple fit,  
 For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it ;  
 So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack  
 Of precious ware, as they, upon his back ?  
 And all agree his worship's teeming full  
 Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull,  
 This bonny Nag fir MINOS did bestride.  
 And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride ;  
 About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before  
 The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door  
 And then it was the Justice came t'himself,  
 From contemplating on his wit, and pelf :  
 With lisping accent, and emphatic voice  
 (*While Pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise.*)  
 He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,  
 And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.  
 Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,  
 Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task :  
 Sir, there's no doubt, (says John) then tell me pray  
 What says the world that now I bear such sway ?  
 Why, sir ! they speak exceeding well of you,  
 As wise, and good ; to king and country true.  
 Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,  
 The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.

Here

Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,  
As he came on : but hark thee, Jack ;---tell true ;  
*When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake ?*

Yes, that they do ; and like an aspin shake.

*What do they think, when I'm upon the bench ?*

You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.

*Whose Judgment is't a knotty matter clears ?*

Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as theirs :

Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,

Thy words are good,---I'll mend thy wages, John.

I thank you, Sir ;----I'm much oblig'd to you :

Now th'Ouzlewhistles, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u.

And so went on like a shrill flute, to play

That gleesom tune, the twenty-ninth of May.

Hold, Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise

*Within that house : 'tis sure some atheist's voice :*

Tho' catholics, i've heard my father say,

*Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing, o'th' Sabbath-day,*

But who can this be ? says John, I cannot tell,

But man, or maid, it whistles very well.

Some Papist ! Jack ;----In that I'gree to you ;

Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit  
whee'u.

Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,

The Knight, more vex'd then e'er he was before,

Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious Mood,

Said, I'll commit him,---he's the serpent's brood,

He sees me stand, and yet he wistles on

This Sabbath-day ; was such a thing e'er known ?

'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,

Or, what's the same, against his Majesty :

No doubt he knows I represent the king,

And that we both are but the self-same thing

Sir, says the'quire, this thing I know t'be true,

Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit

And so proceeds with the old tune again ; [whee'u

The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane !

Was ever antichristian impudence

So base, to give both God and man offence !  
 'Tis most seditious !---- Jack, light off thy horse,  
 And bring the rascal, else use all thy force :  
 For I this Moment will commit him safe,  
 Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.  
 Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made  
 Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.  
 But he repeats, the whistling man must go  
 Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.  
 The man replies, " the whistler's good and true,  
 " And serves me well ; but what's all this to you ?  
 " He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat  
 " Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat ;  
 " He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,  
 " Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs ;  
 " He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand  
 " Within the room, and slight his stern command."

Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat ;  
 Howe'er he goes, and tells the justice flat,  
 The whistler wou'd not come ; he fear'd no law,  
 Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.  
 But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,  
 And sev'ral-times thus by *ASTREA* swore,  
 I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,  
 An everlasting monument of ill,  
 A sad example seditious tools,  
 Of pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.  
 And with these words he nimble quit his horse,  
 Raging with passion ; never fury worse ;  
 And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch  
 That slight's the law ? whom I myself must fetch ;  
 Where is this whistling turk ? this stinking he jew.  
 And now the bird sings, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u  
 And then the twenty ninth of May begun ;  
 What (quoth the knight) was such a thing e'er known  
 And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,  
 To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.  
 The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,  
Saught

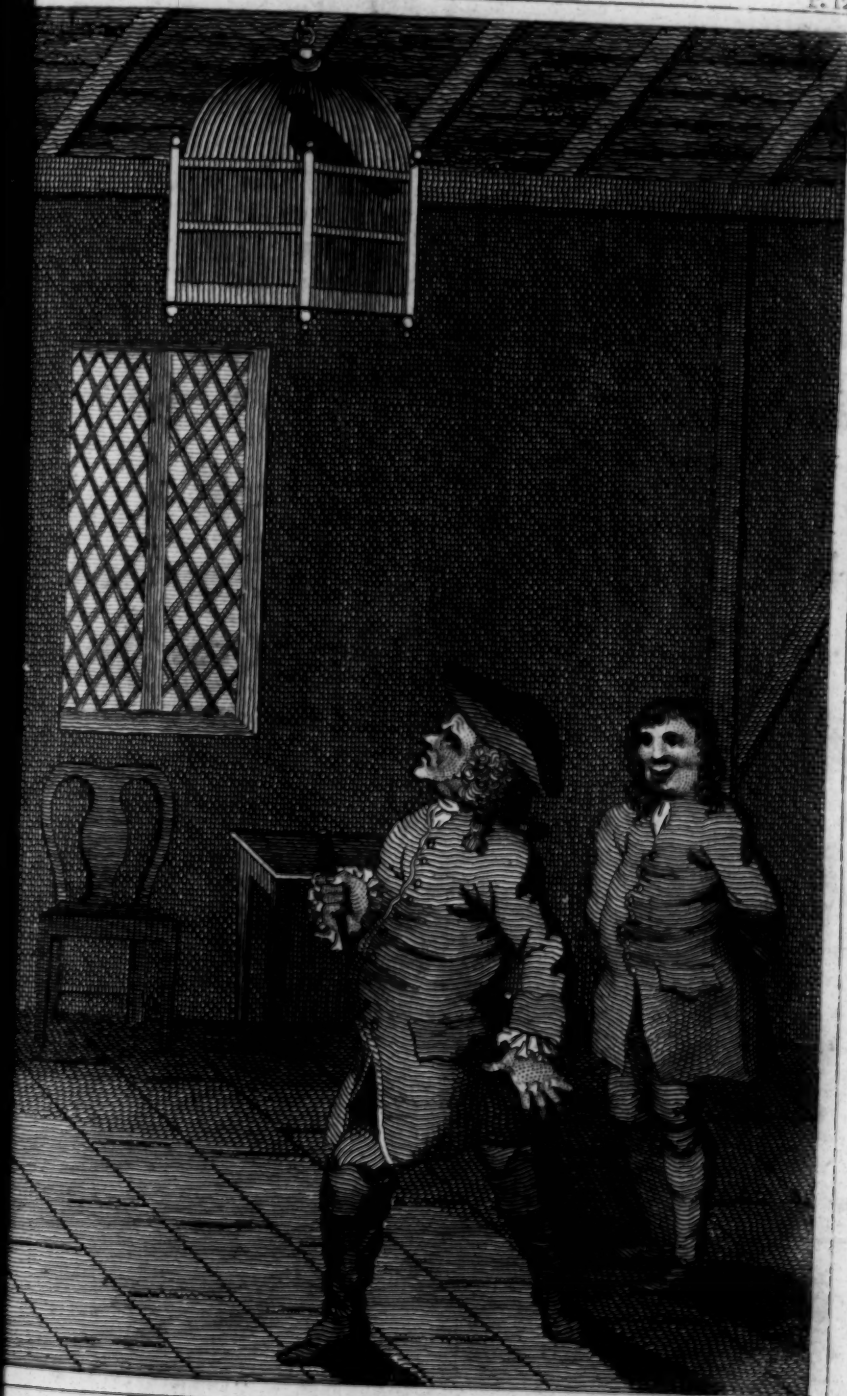
Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd;  
 But still this whistler was not to be seen,  
 Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen;  
 He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,  
 A tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling jove;  
 And then burst out in this emphatic strain,  
 Ungodly! wicked! heath'nish, and prophane?  
 To break the sabbath! whistle against heav'n!  
 The king and me! 'twil never be forgiven:  
 A disaffected tune too shameless man;  
 Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits clan;  
 And then once more tow'rd's heaven his eyes he sent  
 And saw the Black-bird in a wire-cage pent,  
 Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,  
 Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain  
 He motionless as old lot's wife did stand,  
 And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand;  
 But at the last, he wheels himself about,  
 His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out:  
 Is this the whistler? nay, I scarce believe,  
 But both my Eyes, and Ears, do me deceive:  
 I'll say't 'tis strange! surpassing strange! a Bird  
 To whistle tunes! ----- the like was never heard;  
 I thought it was not possible for art  
 To teach Bird's Musick! ---- not the easiest part:  
 Sure this is some Italian Ouzel brought  
 O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught:  
 Why Poz,\* I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all  
 My life before, and with a thing so small!  
 I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite  
 That whistled thus, but who is always right?  
 ASOLOMON may play some foolish tricks,  
 And British CATO † err in Politicks  
 Then beck'ning Finger, makes the man draw near  
 And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,  
 Here, honest man, i'll give thee a crown,

\* *A favourite Word of the Knight's for Positively.*

† *Wal etc.*

To







To promise me this thing must not be known,  
 For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,  
 'Twou'd shame both me, and our most gracious king  
 The fellow took the piece, and made a bow ;  
 But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.  
 And knight perceiving that the Bird was put  
 In close confinement, and in Limbo shut :  
 Old Oliverian and Phanatick zeal  
 Grew cold, and did to crufted ice congeal ;  
 And, calm as Midnight, took his leave, but said,  
 Be sure this thing be never publick made,  
 Thus MINOS left the Black-bird closely pent,  
 And, mounting speed, on new Adventures went.



T H E  
G O O S E:  
A  
P O E M.

To J-----B-----, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS I have the Honour to be a Member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the Laws of the great *Chin Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of *China*, to read yearly some Part of the ancient Records of that country.

I was performing my annual Task, when the extraordinary Piece of Justice in the following Poem fell under my Perusal : the Original is in prose ; but more Reasons  
sons



sons than one determin'd me to translate it into Verse.

Your worship is too well known in these Parts, for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a Patron.

The Stupidity, Peevishness, passion, and Vanity of the Chinese Justice, will undoubtedly serve as Foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate Wisdom, and prodigious Virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this Regard I dedicated the Poem to you : every true Britain, who hears of your Justice, Candour, and Humanity, (especially to Strangers) must be charm'd with your Conduct ; for had all Britain such Justices as your Worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *Our Country is finely govern'd !*

But tho' I give you your just Praises, I am afraid I offend your Modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the Animadversions of critical Ears : and for that Reason have been often on the Point of changing the Title of my Poem from *the Goose*, to *the Gander*. But reflecting, that the Geese, who gave warning of the Enemy's Approach, were called *Servatores Romæ* I chose to retain my

former Title in Honour of them, and such like illustrious Patriots.

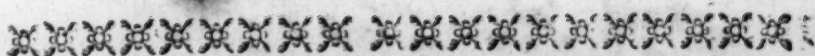
To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for Protection, and begs Leave to assure you, that the present *Poet Laureat* \* shall never want a Quill to celebrate your immortal Praises

May your Worship live as long here, as you are an Ornament to the high Station you are plac'd in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferr'd to the Chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the sincere Wish of

S I R &c.

\* *Colly Cibber*

T H E



T H E

## G O O S E.

WEARY with homely Food, and Toils of Life,

With crying Children, and a scolding Wife,  
A Weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,  
And live to-day, let what will come to morrow : :  
For who the tiresome Loom can always bear,  
And not regale his Stomach with good Cheer ?

WITH this Intent he from his Looms doth start,  
And asks his Pockets, if they'll take his Part ?  
And Fortune favours, for they answer--Yes :  
Which makes him skip, and thank his Stars for this :  
Then Sunday-Coat he o'er his Singlet\* puts,  
And in high Spirits to the Market struts ;  
Where Geese and Ducks, and Chickens feast his Eyes  
But only one fat Goose poor Shuttle buys.

AND now he thinks the happy moment come,  
To triumph, thro' the Streets, and bear the Trophy home.

But who can guard against the turns of Fate?  
The Wench he bought the Goose of, cries--a Cheat !  
From hence ensues a noisy doubtful Strife,  
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and Wife :  
The gaping Croud around in Parties stand !  
But, lo ! old Granibodde just at Hand :  
When now their Anger boils to such a Pitch,

L 3

That

\* A Woollen Waistcoat undy'd.

That there was Wore, and Rogue, and Dog, and  
Bitch :

But Words like these a Poem may debase,  
And only suit the Hero of the Case.

His Worship hearing, could no longer bear,  
But cries aloud----*What Noythe, what Noythe, iththere?*

*Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,*

*Do reprehent high Chinethe Majethty?*

*Or that in vain I wear, the Towbrd, and Thield?*

*My Name ith, wath and will be-----*

BOTH trembled at his voice---but first the Man,  
Made a respectful Bow, and thus began.

“MAY’T please your Worship’s Honour and your  
Glory

I will exactly tell you all the story ;

This Goose I bought for Twelve-pence, and paid  
down

In Good and lawful Money, Half a Crown :

But now a saucy Slut by Change refuses,

Demands more coin, and gives me gross Abuses.”

*What thay you, Woman ; ith ith fultb or true,*

*Thith Fellow doth atbert contherning you ?*

“MAY’T please your Sov’rein Lord, the King’s  
great Justice,

In whom for Goose or Money, all my Trust is ;

I wish I ne’er may see my Spouse, or House,

If ever I receiv’d of him a Soule.”

*But will you thwear thith ith the Gothe ? if the,*

*He thall to Bridewell for Corriethbeon go.*

“FOR God’s Sake hear me, Sir, the Weaver cries,

I’ll swear to every Thing which she denies ;

If I han’t given her Half a Crown, than never

Ler Warp and West be firm y join’d together.

*Wheat! Huther, Thirrab! be thewar, you thewear too :*

*If Tholeman wath here, what cou d he do ?*

*The Matter ith tho nithe apon my Trutt;*

*My Mind inclineth me to confine you both :*

*But bold-----*



I'll toth a Piecth of Money up, thath fair.  
Whitch thall decide the Person that mutht thewear:  
But mark me well, the Woman ith to chuthe,  
Or Head, or Tail, like Chanthe to win or loothe.

No sooner said, than done—both Parties willing  
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid Shilling;  
While she (ah! Nature, Nature!) calls for Tail,  
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail!  
But Chance decrees—upturn great Chin-Quaw Ki-Po  
Whose very name my Belly fore doth gripe—oh.  
His Worship view'd with joy the royal Head,  
And thus in broken lisping Accents said:

By thith Event we very plainly find  
That Jutthith will take Plathe, tho' thumtimeb blind:  
And had not I by Providenth been here,  
You two had fought it out, like Dog, and Bear.  
Here, Fellow—take the Book—for Chanth decreethe  
You take the oath:—but pay me firht my Feethe:  
From Peril of the Law you'll then be loothe:  
Hutthe, give him the Changth, and eke the Goothe:  
And Thuttle for the future, let me tell ye,  
You must not Pamper your ungodly Belly;  
Geeth, Duckth, and Caponth, are for buth thage Catothe,  
Be you content with Thjannock and Pottatthe.

His Work thus finish'd, passing thro' the Streets  
He tells the wond'rous Tale to all he meets;  
And hugs himself for this rare Action done,  
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on,

Plain ith a Pibe-thstaff' ith,, that I in Pow'r,  
Do King and Country Thervice ev'ry Hour;  
And to my utmost do good Orderth keep,  
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.  
O two, three, four, nay, five Timth happy Na thion,  
When Mazithbrath have touth a Penrathion!  
No Trangreth now for Bread thall dore to roam,  
But with their Wiveth and Children sbay at Home:  
As for Philosophertb, I'll make them thqueck,  
In Topite of all their Latin, and their Greek.

Newton

*Newton himself thoud here find no Proteſtion :  
 And all biſh Papilth ſhall receive Correſtion :  
 They're Papilth all, in diſſ'rent Mathks, and we  
 Thou'd watch, like Arguth, Dangerth to forethee,  
 The Nathionth Right on Juſtitieth depend,  
 And tith our duty Roguth to apprehend.*

*Thus withe Men alwayth aēt, and I, thith Day,  
 Have Chureth and Thſtate pretheru'd, by quelling thith  
 thad Fray.*



A

## C O D I C I L

To the Laſt Will and Teſtament of

*JAMES CLEGG, Conjurer.*

**B**E it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents, THAT I *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane* within *Caſtleton*, in the Pariſh of *Rochdale*, and County of *Lancaster*, Conjurer; having made my Laſt Will and Teſtament, bearing Date the 18th of *February*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and reſtify my ſaid Will; and if I die a natural Death,

Death. *i e* elude the Gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw-Chapel*, then I will that my Executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my House the Day following, and with the Advice and Assistance of *James Worrall*, order my Funeral, as follows :

I. I will that they invite to my Funeral Sixty of my Friends, or best acquaintance, and also five Fiddlers ; to be there exactly at Two o'Clock.

II. That no woman be invited ; no man that wears a white Cap, or Apron, that no Tobacco or Snuff be there, to prevent my Sneezing.

III. That they provide Sixty-two spic'd Cakes, value Ten Shillings ; and Twenty Shillings Worth of the best Ale that is within too Miles ; allowing the best Ruby-Nosepresent, *Roger Taylor* and *John Booth* to be Judges.

IV. That if my next Relations think a Wooden-Jump too chargeable, then I will that my Executors cause me to be drest in my Roast-Meat-Cloths, lay me on a Bier, Stangs, or the like ; give all present a Sprig of Rosemary, Hollies, or Gorfes, and a Cake : That no Tears be shed, but be merry for two Hours.

V, Then

V. Then all shall drink a Gill-Bumper and the Fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five Minutes before the Cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high Road to *Shaw-Chapel* in the following, Order, viz. The best Fidler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two playing *The Conjurer goes Home*, in the afore said Tune. Then the Bier and Attendants, none riding on Horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the *Stockes*, i. e. Face to Tail, except Mr. *George Stansfield* of *Sowerby*, (which Privilege I allow him for Reasons best known to myself.) Then the *Curate* of *Shaw Chapel* shall bring up the Rear, dress'd in his Pontificalibus, and riding on an Ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual Office, then my Executors shall *nemcon.* pay him Twenty-one Shillings.

VI. If the Singers at *Shaw* meet me Fifty Yards from the Chapel, and sing the Anthem beginning, *O clap your Hands*, &c. pay them Five Shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge Ruins of *James Woolfsenden*, late Landlord.



lord of *Shaw-Chapel* ; which done, pay the Sexton Half a Crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the Alchouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the Shot amounts to Thirty Shillings; the Fiddlers playing *The Conjurer's gone Home*, with other Tunes at Discretion; to which I leave them : and then pay the Fiddlers Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

IX If my next Relations think it worth their cost and Pains to lay a stone over me, then I will, that *John Collier* of *Milnrow* cut the following Epitaph on it.

**H**ERE Conjurer CLEGG *beneath this Stone,*  
*By his best Friends was and*  
*Weep, O ye Fiddlers, now he's gine,*  
*Who lov'd the Tweetling-Trade !*  
*Mourn all ye Brewers of good Ale,*  
*Sellers of Books and News ;*  
*But smile ye jolly Priests, he's pale,*  
*Who grudg'd your Pow'r, and Dues.*

FURTHER, As I have some Qualities and worldly Goods not dispos'd of by my said Last Will, I do give and devise, as follows That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale-Parish* Methodists all my Religion, and Books of Freethinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary Emollients.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimsical

fical Sect, who is sure the Devil is in him, my Slice of the Liver of *Tobit's* Fish, which my Ancestors have kept pickled up above Two Thousand Years; being certain that a small Slice fry'd, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's Dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the aforesaid Methodists, who are positive that they have a Church in their Bellies my small Set of Squirrel-Bells to hang in the Steeple; being apprehensive that a Set of the Size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a Fabrick of such an airy and tottering Foundation.

ITEM I give my Forty-five Minute Sand-Glass on which is painted Old Time sleeping) unto that Clergyman living within three Miles of my House, who is most noted for preaching long winded, tautologizing Sermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one Heat.

ITEM, I leave all my Spring-traps. Flying nets, and all my other valuable Utensils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious Art of Cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-hearted

ed Friend, Mr. *Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfy'd of his good Inclination, and great Capacity of the proper Use of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wherefoever he may be found, a Pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancashire Dialect*; being fully perswaded few others capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM, I give all my Humility, Goodnature. Benevolence, and Hospitality, with all my other good Qualities whatsoever. not before dispos'd of, unto that Person in the Parish of *Rochdale* who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, Part of my said Last Will and Testament, as fully as if the same had been there inserted.

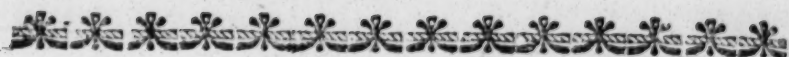
IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto fix'd my Hand and Seal, this 24th Day of May, in the Year 1751.

Witness

JAMES CLEGG.

*Robert Lees.*

*Joshua Warren.*



# LETTERS

IN PROSE.

A Narrative of the Case between the *Queen*  
*at the Booth*, and the *Author*,

To T. P. *Esq.*

*Jan. 30th, 1752,*  
**B**Y your Favour of the 20th cur. I perceive you have heard of the furious Rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain Lady who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyerefs*; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my Family and Interest, I thank you for your tender Care; but, chear up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the Law; for I have a Particular Friend that will screen me from long and costly Suits: I mean Poverty.

You



You desire me to send you a full Account of what has past between us, I shal oblige you in this, tho' it will be both intricate and prolix; and as Truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first Aggressor: for it arose from that strong Tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclin'd to Phanaticism, I should give it another Name, and call it the Spirit of Reformation.

The first Time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel*, in the Parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately took my Eye, and rais'd my Curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very Gallimaufry of a Woman. She was dress'd as gay, and airy as a girl of Sixteen; tho' Old Age stared full at me thro' every Wrinkle. In short, her out of the way Figure and Behaviour spoiled my Devotion, and rais'd my Choler to that Pitch that I could not be at rest, till I had given her a Reprimand.

Service being over, I stepp'd into a little Alehouse near the Chapel, and enquir'd of the Landlord who the Bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He an-

swer'd with a Sigh, She's my own Aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he reply'd, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few Minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the Chapel-yard amongst the Croud: but she had given me the slip, and so escap'd my Resentment at that Time. However, I left strict Orders with her Nephew (who promis'd me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her Age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable Manner.

This past on about a Month, when I chanc'd to see her again at *Ripponden*: And perceiving her Ladyship was in no Humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a Resolution (Quixote-like) to write a Letter to her under a feigned Name; and which, tho' I kept to Matter of Fact, she pleases to call a Libel; and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the Author: But this Opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatical Order with her Nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her Nag, and rode

rode to Justice R--- for a Warrant, to bring me to an Account for that, to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her Arrival there, and laying her Complaint before the Justice, he demanded whether she would swear the Letter on me? N---o, but 'tis nobody else. Have you any Evidence that will swear to this Man's writing it? N--o, but he was at the *Black-Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the Letter was first found, and the very Night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no Warrant was granted.

Things past on about a Fortnight, when she received Intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire*. So she resolv'd to pay me a Visit at Mr. *Hill's* before my departure. I happen'd to have the first Glent of her Ladyship as she came up the Court, with the Bridle of her strong *Rosinante* on her Arm, and a young Woman (*Phebe Dawson*) attending her.

On rapping at the door the old Gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun---. I'm come to see Sir, if you'll suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No Mistress that I wou'd not do: pray, have I any that does do so? Why

have not you a servrnt they call *Collier* ? No that I have not, reply'd the old Gentleman. But have you not some such a Man about your House ? Yes ; he's in the House ; and I believe there is some little connection between my Son *R.* and him : but I have nothing to do with him. Very well Sir, then I've been wrong inform'd, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him. Yes Mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a Lady desired to speak with me. I appear'd surpriz'd, tho' I guess'd what she was about well enough : however I went to the Door and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritatd Stomach scorn'd to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer you to the Notes on Hoantungs Letter : only observe that a blue Riding-habit, hoop'd with Silver Lace, a Jockey's Cap, and a pretty large black-silk Patch, on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare, at each other, she ask'd me if my Name was *Collier* ? Yes, Madam, said I, What's your Pleasure with me ? Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done ? O yes, to be sure Madam,



Madam, said I; What is't? Why about this Libel: Libel! said I, I dont know what a Libel is. I suppose you do; and I want to know if you'll stand to it, or not, for you writ it to be sure. Indeed, Madam your Speech is all Riddle to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*, I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an Explanation. That's what I want, she reply'd, but pray tell me what House I must go to? To Campenot's, to be sure, said I. And you'll follow me, says she? O don't doubt it, Madam. So away she goes, and her Witness along with her: But I kept my distance, as wanting both Time and inclination to follow her.

Messes. *Hill's* laugh'd at me for being honour'd with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth* and thought I had met with more than my Match: all the Gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her; as she would undoubtedly ruin me, tho' I was worth Thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what Fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any Danger.

This

This affair happen'd on *Friday* ; and the *Sunday* following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my Journey into *Lancashire*: and on-going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the Road, behind an *Ash-tree*, Six papers, written all a like in a large print Hand, a Copy of which follows.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ON *Friday* last from *Rishworth* stray'd,  
 Or was by *Satan's Imps* convey'd,  
*A Chesnut Mare*, with prick-up Ears,  
*Bad Eyes*, *Teeth lost*, *advanc'd in Years*.  
*Had two light-colour'd Feet* before,  
*Her Mouth* was patch'd, and very sore  
*A right Whisk-tail*, and *Grissel Mans*,  
*A heavy Head*, and *Body pain* ;  
*A Eilly* trotting by her side,  
*And both good blood* as e'er was try'd.  
*Who e'er can them to Pluto bring*  
*Their owner*, that grim sooty King :  
*Shall for their pains in this good job*  
*Receive Ten Pounds*, of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these Papers, and what they were intended for : so I took care to have them put up, at *Ripponden*, *Ealand*, *Hallifax*, &c. on that Day before Noon ; and they causing much Staring, and various Surmisings in the Country ; some  
 Pick-

Pick-thank or other convey'd a Copy of one of them to her Ladyship : Who on perusing it, readily father'd the Brat upon me ; and said to the Messenger, you have done me very great service ; for now I never doubt, but I can catch the Fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make him clear all Accounts, and pay you handsomly for you Trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that Evening she kill'd the fatted Calf, as it were and feasted some of her Privy Council ; rejoicing that she had so fine a Prospect of gratifying her Spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes ; and the next morning she mounted her Gelding, and, with the young Filly set off for the Justice.

On her arrival she found his Worship had Company : however being well acquainted with her, he came into the Room where she was, (which had a Table standing in the Middle) and several Gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the Copy of the Advertisement, and threw it on the Table : on which is Worship said well Madam what's to do now ? Why, Sir, said she, you wou'd not grant me a Warrant before for this Rascal, and now I have

have suffered a fresh abuse from him ; a that Paper will prove, if you'll please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the Gentlemen all staring at the queer Dress and Behaviour of her Ladyship) and reads :

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.  
*On Friday last from Rishworth stray'd,  
 Or was by Satan's Imps convey'd,  
 A Chesnut Mare,-----*

Why Madam have you lost a Mare? N--o n--o please to read on--: It means me Sir,

*A Chesnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,  
 Bad Eyes, Teeth lost, advanc'd in years.  
 Had two light-coloured feet before,*

This cannot have any Reference to you,--sure you have not four feet !

I ask your Pardon for that, Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and no body else. Here the Gentlemen broke out into a Laugh, which being over the Justice went on.

*Had two light-colour'd Feet before,  
 Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore.*

Here she hastily interrupting him, said  
 That's true ; and is a very good Proof  
 that



that he means me ; for at that very Time I had a Tetter-worm on each Side my Mouth, covered with black Silk, and he names the day too, Sir ; which was *Friday* : What stronger Evidence can be either given or desired ? Here the Justice join'd the Gentlemen in another merry Fit ; and then his Worship ask'd her. And who writ, and posted these Advertisements up, do you say ?

Why this Rascal---this *Collier* ; to be sure---

To be sure will not do, Madam .----- But did you or any other Person, see him write, or put them up ? Or will you swear this is his Hand ?

N-- o, n---o,---that is not his Hand : for I have Evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like Print : and I can also prove that he writes that Hand better than any in the Country ; and that's another Proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it ; which is all one you know, Sir, in Law.

But will you make Oath that he writ, or put them up !

I durst swear he did ; but, alas ! I did not see him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this Man will  
 slip

flip us again ; for without a positive Oath I cannot grant a Warrant.

Here her Ladyship (with a heavy Sigh) said, If Justice-Law will not do, I must see Council (which I am told she actually did) But I'm so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand Villain will be the End of me.

When that happens, said one of the Gentlemen, if you'll come hither again, we'll try him for his Life for committing Murder ; and so make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah Sir, but this is no jesting Matter, --- for I'm gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long---for I hear this same Rascal of my good name has actually got that same Letter printed which I brought to you---and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my Heart ; and you know, Sir, the dark Side of a good Character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his Worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this Case without good Proof,

That's what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turn'd her Back-side without any Compliment, left the  
Rhymes

Rhymes on the Table, and budg'd off;  
the whole being a pretty Scene of Diver-  
sion for those she left behind.

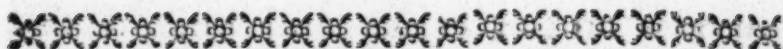
Thus, Sir, I have endeavour'd to satif-  
fy your Curiosity, hoping you'll excuse  
the Length of the Narrative; and now I  
have only to tell you that the Letter she  
mention'd to the Justice, is actually print-  
ed, (a Copy of which I here enclose you)  
and which I sell for a Friend. Her lady-  
ship has sent for several, and always by  
persons she thinks most capable of pump-  
ing me: I always oblige her by sending  
them, but still keep innocent, and quite  
ignorant of its Production, otherwise  
you might say-----Good Lord have Mercy  
upon

SIR,

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

N

T. B.



# HOANTUNG's LETTER (a)

TO THE

Empress of RUSSIA.

*Translated from the Chinese with explanatory Notes*) by LYCHANG the Mandarin.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*To scourge a publick Pest, the Wife of old  
Thought meritorious, tho' a Bawd or Scold:  
I own this Mungrel Owl-and-Crow is not  
Half worth my Powder or one Grain of Shot  
Yet as no Person e'er could probe her Heart,  
No Admonitions make her conscience start,  
Let this true Mirror shew her putrid Mind,  
And how her Frame's to every sin inclin'd;  
If she reforms, 'tis well,-----if not, i'm right;  
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!*

We

(a) The Original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a Publick-House in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy Person, in a long furtout, Turban, and Whiskers: a broad Scimeter hanging on a Button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, from whence comes thou? so he walk'd off undiscover'd.



*We Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the East, To our most dazzling and serene Sister, the Princess Eleeza, Empress of all Russia, send Greeting.*

**W**HEREAS our Wisdom, like the Beams of the great Luminary of the Day, pierces into the remotest Regions and as all things transacted between the Poles are under our immediate Cognisance, by which our Empire is become universal and consequently checks the Actions of Sovereign Princes : We do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire to your sofa; and there contemplate how, and by what Means, you attain'd the Palace of your residence (b) and the Empire (c) which you so haughtily govern ? Why the *Czar*, (d) your first Husband, was so suddenly sent over the Acherontic-Lake, and by whom ? How the present *Cazar*, your

N 2

lawful

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the Township of Rushworth, in the parish of Halifax.

(d) In a Letter from the dusky Regions, 'twas hinted, she push'd him into old CHARON's Boat, to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

lawful spouse, came to be banished (e) ? What Fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring Kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued Scene of War, Rapine, and disorder ?

We say, reflect on these things ; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g) ; which Usurpation we have wink'd at with impunity for the space of three Hundred Moons ; not doubting but Time the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign : that the *Czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty : That all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebtan, might have reposed under

(e) Her present Husband, whom she banish'd by meer dint of Dagger, for one morning after a hot Dispute about that Mushroome sect the methodists, he found that Weapon on a chair by her bedside ; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about Filiations, Settlements, &c.

(g) The Government of the Township ; she being a kind of prepetual constable, Overseer of the Poor, Highways, &c.

der their citron and pomegranate-trees ; eaten their Autumnal Fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges, with which the God *F O H E*, and his Handmaid *Nature*, hath endowed them. But seeing that time works not the expected Effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm ; we are (as it were) constrain'd to send this our awful and imperial injunction ; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least Hesitation, to recall the *Czar* from Banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire : to the *Böyars* and *Waywoods*, (h) their respective powers, and Jurisdictions ; and all your other subjects and vassals, to their liberties and privileges : That you consider the unconstrained freedoms and well-known pleasures of your youth (i) nay even since time fix'd his plough-share in your forehead ; and be not too curious with your piercing Optics, and officious hands, in prying into the sprightly pastimes, and

N 3

rustic

(h) The Officers of the township aforesaid.

(i) Here is a large field for reflection ! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the Curtain be drawn over this part of her Character, which may be unfolded on some other occasion, if after seeing herself in this Glass she prove incorrigable.

rustic Amours, of the softer sex within your dominions (k).

Further, We will that when you approach the Mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin* (l); that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God *F O H E*, and his prophet *Confucius*: that your deportment be grave as becomes the Evening of life: That your dress (especially the Attire of your Head & Neck) (m) be

(k) This alludes to her well-known Practice of groping the Bubbies, Bellies, &c. of young Girls within her Territories, when 'tis whisper'd *A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST*. After close Examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her Paramour; on whom her Highness seizes (under the sanction of a Warrant) with as much Fierceness as the Eagle her Prey.

(l) The Chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her Hunting dress, Baubles, and Bedlamantish Attire, she stands waining in the isle scorning to come in a Pew, because she was not suffered to have her Lang-Settle, or old Form in its place, when, on rebuilding the Chapel, it was seated after a uniform and beautiful Manner: And even attempted to force an Audience of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester, to give this as a sufficient Reason why the Chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(m) In this she affects the most Girlish Airs: Tho' her



be modest, and free from those youthful Airs you seem to delight in, and are always the unerring Index of a contaminated Mind: That you appear no more in publick with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets: as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful Pleasures, and can never make you more agreeable than a spruce Baboon.

Lastly, It is our royal will and pleasure, That you make a full and general restitution; allow your vassals and slaves alldue and accustomed Measures (n); encourage Honesty, and not study to pervert truth and Justice (o); heal all intestine divisions  
extirpate

her Mouſe-colour'd griffel hair ſcorns to bend, or lie in Ringlets, but keeps its moſt ancient poſture, which is that of a—Sow's Tail.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confeſſes to be very obſcure, and may have ſeveral Conſtructions; but inclines to believe, it hints at a certain antique Pot, or Cup, with a Piece two Inches deep out of its Top; having been long, and too well known to poor Taylors, and other labouring Perſons.

(o) Being ever ready & ſtudying to torment her Husband (as well as others) ſhe this Year ſent her Miſſary to the Labour of her own Niece, to perſuade her to father her Baſtard Child on him; following immediately herſelf, and finding her perſuaſions ineffectual, ſhe herſelf firſt uſed ſmooth and  
flattering

extirpate perjury; banish false witnesses (p); eradicate strife; cultivate peace; and let the dead sleep in their Graves (q). Thus we take our Leave; expecting all due Obedience to this our royal and sacred Mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation-----: For such our Will and pleasure.

GIVEN at our seraglio, in our imperial city of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th Moon of our happy Exaltation.

## Sign'd, HOANTUNG.

flattering terms, then beich'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the Girl resolv'd to father it right, she sent for the Constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but Mother Midnight being a Women of Sense and Spirit, told him, he was out of his Elements, and if he entered within her Jurisdiction, she would try whether his Scull or the Tangs were harder Metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old Lioness is attended by her Jackal, so her shrivell'd Grimness has always in her Train one Phebe Dawson or some other, who can swear the Truth, the whole truth, and——more.

(q) She charged her Husband with being false to her Bed before Marriage; and would needs have a young Woman taken out of her Grave, who had been buried upwards of three Months; pretending a Suspicion she was with Child by him; and actually got the Coroner and Jury to the Place for this Purpose: But in this Article she was prudently over-ruled. Her

## Her E P I T A P H.

*Reader stop here-----behold what death can do,  
 He's torn the Gew-gaws from Queen Bels's Brow ;  
 And made one Stone her Majesty suffice,  
 Who living did from many Pairs arise.*



PRICKSHAW-WITCH blown up:

O R,

The CONJURER Out-conjur'd.

To T. P. Esq.

S I R,

**I**T was a little before the last *Easter* that a Mixture of Malice and Envy between a Brace of Booksellers, produc'd two Auctions at the same Time in *Rochdale* ; where one of the Evenings, I, with other bookish Fellows of my Acquaintance, resolv'd to stay for a little Refreshment after the Shew was over.

It happen'd that among others, there drew in his Chair, an ancient man with  
 one

one Eye, a slouch'd Hat, and very meagre Countenance. Some of the Company (as usual) on coming out of the Auction Room, complained of the Coldness of the Weather, Single-peeper answer'd, *Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter theese six Days.* I ask'd him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot Moon's oth' Cusp oth' thrid Heawse to Neet at Ten o' Clock,* Humph, said I, you understand Astrology, I perceive *Eigh,* (reply'd Blinkard) *Ive studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate Nativities, tell Fortunes, and find lost or stolen Goods? *Eigh, Eigh,* (said he) *ive praetic'd thoofe Things oboon forty Yor, on winnow turn my Back o nobody.*

I seeing his Self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a Mungrel between Fool and knave, star'd at him with open mouth, as in great Suprize and Admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such Folk, but never saw any before; Why, then you're a sort of a Conjuror? Here he smil'd, and answer'd, *Eigh, I'm oft cow'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-Witch.*

Prickshaw Witch! Good Lord blefs us! said I, trembling-----I've a little Girl of about six Months old, whose Fortune I would gladly know, but for the Sin of applying



to such Persons about it. *Sin ! now, now, its no Sin at aw ; its naw like Logic, or th' Black-Art, but as harmless as any Art ith Ward. Very well. (quoth I) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my Girl's Nativity ? Ho---I con doot at ony Price, between one Shilling and Twenty. Nay, if that be that Case, I'll have the best, tho' it cost me five Pounds.*

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the Party that did not appear, was to forfeit a Dozen of ale. Then, after a short Fit of studying and staring on the Ground, he requested that what I would have known concerning my Daughter, might be given him in Writing ; and, in particular, the exact Time of her Birth ; and I being a little on the Slack-rope, resolv'd to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following Rhymes.

**O**CTOBER *th' Tenth my Girl was born,*  
*Ten Minuets after Four i'th' Morn ;*  
*Brown Hair, and Eyes of fair Complexion,*  
*And all her Limbs of good Connexion.*  
*I want to know her Term of Life ?*  
*If Competency, without Strife ?*  
*Her Husband, whether good or bad ?*  
*Her first Child, whether Lads or Lad ?*  
*These things are wanted to be known,*  
*And you'll be paid whene're they're shewn.*

I gave

I gave him the Paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey Rhymes, bo' now thus fast.* So after a while the Shot was paid and we parted.

When the Day of our Meeting was come I had forgot my Engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjuror. So the *Friday* following he came to my House (when I happen'd to be in *Yorkshire*) and without knocking, or speaking one Word, bursts open the Door, runs to my Wife, takes the Child out of her Arms, and at the Window examines its Eyes, Hair &c. the better to peep into Futurity. So that my Wife, who knew nothing of the Matter, took him for a Madman. Then he ask'd her for a Pen, Ink, and Paper, and left me some worse than Namby-Pamby Rhymes of the little Child, and a strict order to meet him the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, *i. e.* he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so rais'd my Spirits, that it put me on contriving a Way to be reveng'd on him, and fir'd me with a Resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a Day before the Time appointed, to find a proper Room, and a partner or two to assist

me in the Plot, which I had laid to counter-  
termine this modern *Faustus*.

Having light of a Ground-Room, and  
a couple of Comrades to my Mind, I  
bought a Pound of Gunpowder, and try'd  
how much would blow up a Chair, the  
better to guess what Quantity would lift  
a Conjur'er. Then we took up a Pièce  
of a Board from the Chamber-floor, and  
under the Hole placed a Shelf, where a  
large Quantity of well-mix'd T--d and  
P---fs might stand, to be pour'd on his  
Head, just when the Gunpowder took  
fire, to prevent his burning: and spent  
the Evening merrily enough, in hopes of  
paying old *Merlin* well for his Study and  
Pains the Day following.

The Time being come, my Worship  
was the first that appear'd at the place of  
Rendezvous. I found the Landlord had  
discover'd the whole Plot to his Wife,  
and that she would not allow of the stink-  
ing Compound, (because the Tragi-Co-  
medy was to be acted in her Bed-Room)  
but as much Water as we pleased. So I  
was forced to be content with a double  
Quantity of Water, which was plac'd on  
the Shelf over the Conjur'er's Chair, and  
the Powder under it; with a train run-  
ning

ning from thence to the Fire End, where I plac'd a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put Fire to the Train ; and the Landlord above, as ready to empty the Pale on his Head when he saw the Gunpowder take Fire ; the Word of Command being, *O the wonderful Art of Astrology !*

All things being ready, I sat about an Hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjuror had smelt a Rat ; when, to my great Satisfaction, old *Faustus* appear'd. I rose up with Joy in my Face, asked his Pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the Room.

As I had order'd all the Chairs out of the Room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of Consequence fell to the Conjuror's Share, with a Table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my Desire about my Daughter's Nativity ? He answer'd in the Affirmative, and immediately produc'd a Paper-Book of sixteen Pages, writ, closely containing the Passages of my Girl's future Life, a Table of the twelve Houses, and a Speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming Veneration as if  
it







it had been  
to peruse  
I was over  
deep Admirer  
in the Spectator  
which I saw  
and made  
for his private

After I  
it, I rose up  
Hand, waving  
(having a  
powder) and  
&c. at which  
Train, and  
fir'd the Gun  
in the Nicotine  
I heard, but  
Conjurer;  
ing full of

When I  
compound  
Water, he  
my wig and  
out of my  
I pretended  
lick, but he  
or two for  
upon me, a

O

had been a *Sibyllian* Oracle, and begun peruse it ; sometimes stopping as tho' was overwhelm'd with Thought, and Admiration; and sometimes groaning the Spirit, like a full-blown Quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjuror's Vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound Ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of I rose up, and, with the Book in my hand, walk'd soberly towards the door (leaving a particular Antipathy to Gunpowder) and cry'd out, *O the wonderful,* at which the sleepy Man tickled the chain, and run out, which immediately opened the Grand Magazine ; this was met by the Nick of Time by the Water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjuror ; all the Rooms in the House became full of Smoak in a moment.

When old *Spyrophel* came out of the compound Cloud of Fire, Smoak, and Water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened by the loss of my Wits, and in a violent passion ; he pretended to strike him with my Hassel-bark, but hit the Wall ; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration-tricks upon me, and then made off with the old

Knave's Notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our Mirth, that the Plot had met with the desired Success.

After a while I enquir'd of the Landlady what was become of the Fortune-teller? She answer'd, He walk'd half a dozen Times across the Floor, brushing his Coat and then ask'd for me? She answer'd, that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well, (said he) bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyr obur'd me o this'n*: and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the Landlady, as you have frightened all my Guests away, I'm resolv'd you shall pay the Shot. *Od, but that's hard too-too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier--'ll pay th Shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, Tinker, nor Cocker; pay me for my Ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his Way.

Since that Time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday*, when I received the following Letter:

SIR.



S I R,

**T**HIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your Daughter's Nativity, I will make Use of the Law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime ; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had Time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of Five shillings.

Note, If you neglect to pay me. I will send the Catchpoles in a few Days: all from

*Your abused Servant,*

*Smalshaw, die*  
*Nov. 15. 1752.*

**GEO. CLEGG.**

The Day following the Receipt of the above, a Whim came into my Head to answer it in Rhyme, directed,

*To Mr. George Clegg, Conjuror-General.  
would be, of the County Palantine of  
Lancaster, at his nocturnal Study at  
Smalshaw*

**F**ROM you, George Clegg, or Prickshaw-Witch,  
Or Doctor Faustus, chuse you which :  
It matters not :-----but I've a Note  
By one of you three lately wrote,

O. 3.

Which

Which intimates, that 'tis a Crime  
With Conjurers to pass the Time.

Besides, it makes this queer Demand,  
That I must pay into your hand  
A crown of English Money straight,  
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, Friend *George*, not quite so fast,  
You'll go as far with lesser haste :  
I promis'd Payment, that is certain,  
If you would tell my daughter's Fortune ;  
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,  
Since one ha'f gives the rest the lye.  
Nor was it Sterling-Coin I meant,  
That being far from my intent,  
But such as you received have,  
And should he paid to ev'ry Knave,  
Who roguishly would thus dispense  
With reason, and all common sense,  
And whilst their own they do not know---,  
Pretend another's Fate to shew ;  
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,  
When you 'twixt Fire and Water liv'd.

Again, consider, it's not hard,  
After my Wig and cloaths were marr'd-  
With Fire and Smoak, then as you conjur'd,  
That I must pay for being injur'd.

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,  
For raising up Old *Belzebub*,  
Who every one did almost choak  
With stinking Brimstone, fire, and Smoak ;  
Which threw us into such a fright,  
Two p---s'd, and three or four did sh---e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,  
How comes five shillings thus your due ?  
Was it for coming to my dwelling,  
To cheat me with your Fortune-telling ?  
As you've done many honest spouses,  
By selling them your starry-houses,

Your

Your Oppositions, Quartiles, Trines,  
 Your fiery and Aquatic Signs ;  
 Your Speculums, and Nodes i'th' Iikies,  
 Cusps, Aspects, and ten thousand Lies.  
 And don't you in your conscience think,  
 Instead of fingering my chink,  
 That you deserve. in high degree,  
 'To mount on *Rochdale's* Pillory ?  
 Which is the only Place that cools  
 That Heat of astrologic fools ;  
 And turns sometimes a cheat like you,  
 Into a Liege-Man, good and true ;  
 But now, because I've shewn you mercy,  
 You fall upon me arsy-versy ?

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,  
 My Teeth as soon as Coin for you :  
 And hope that this, my flat denial,  
 Will quickly bring it to a trial ;  
 When I don't doubt to make you pay  
 For all your Rogu'ries in this way :  
 A Cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,  
 And Pillories, are for such folks ;  
 And sure there are some Laws i'th Nation  
 In Force against your conjuration :  
 Or, what deserves more ample scourging,  
 Your cheating folk, with Lies and forging.  
 So if you squeak but in the Gizzard,  
 You're try'd by th' Name of *Prickshaw-Wizard*.

From your affronted Master,

PILGARLIC the Great.

This, Sir, is the Truth of the Story,  
 to the Date hereof ; and should he play  
 the Madman to that Degree as to make a  
 Quarter

Quarter-Sessions Job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my Friend : but I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an Attorney of my Acquaintance, who had Sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, & honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this Case. What the Issue will be I know not ; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be Smoaking between the conjurer and

S I R, *Your most, &c.*

T. B.



*To Mr. JOHN SEPHTON,*

*Brewer-General, in LIVERPOOL.*

SIR,

*Milnrow, Jan. 11th, 1760.*

**A**S most of the Roast-Beef, Goose, and Minc'd-Pies, Tarts and Custards are devour'd in my Neighbourhood? I have now Time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialect*, and a few of *Hoan-tung's*.



*tung's* Letters to the Empress of *Russia*  
 All of which (could I have my Wish) should  
 not be thrown by for two or three Years  
 on some useleſs Shelf, a Corner, or Hole  
 in a Garret, hid from the Sight of Mortals  
 by Curtains of Cobwebs, but turn'd into  
 Caſh in a few Months, to be ready againſt  
 the next Time I come to *Liverpool*. In ſhort,  
 vouchſafe to think on theſe two lines,

*Some write for Pleaſure, ſome for Spite,  
 But want of Money makes me write.*

Which, tho' they are but Heathen Rhymes  
 are as true as the Goſpel. But now I  
 think on it, I ought to aſk Pardon for  
 this uſeleſs Hint to one whoſe Good-nature  
 has been ſo conſpicuous in this Way; for in  
 the few Days I was with you in *Liverpool*  
 I ſold Fifty-two Bandyhewins, for which  
 I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more  
 of my Friends,

When I reflect on, and compare the  
 Humours I obſerv'd in your populous  
 Town, with a few others I have lately  
 been in; I cannot but think, that all cities  
 and Towns are ſubject to youth and old  
 Age; have their Conſtitutions, Diſpoſiti-  
 ons, beauties, failings, whims, and Fancies,  
 like us two-legg'd Mortals; for Inſtance :

The

The City of *York* seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman ; or, if you please, the House of *Austria* ; (who each of them can deduce their Orgins from the Time of *Numa Pompilius*) and at present walks like a plain-drest Nobleman of a royal House, and very extensive Revenues : who lives splendidly, and in Affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish, his paterna estate

*Leeds* is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving Farmer. -Its Merchants hunt worldly Wealth, as eagerly as Dogs pursue the Hare ; they have, in general, the Pride and Haughtiness of *Spanish* Dons, mix'd with the Meanness of *Dutch* Spirits ; the strong Desire they have of yellow Dirt, transforms them into Galley-Slaves, and their Servants are doubtly so ; the first being fastened with Golden, but the latter with Iron Chains.

*Halifax* is a Mongrel, begot by a *Leeds* Merchant, and a *Lancashire* Woman, and nurs'd by a *Dutch* Frow. They are eager in pursuing Gain, but not so assiduous as to forget Pleasure ; and every Day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat Beef and Pudding.

*Rochdale*

*Rochdale* is like a growing Haberdasher or Master Hatter, black and greasy with getting a little Pelf: Whose inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax*) are great lovers of Wooll and Butter: not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in prospect. They don't study to oppress their Dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their Servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolv'd to be independent) play when they please.

*Manchester* is like a--a-- I don't know what :-----hold ;-----why, 'tis like a lucky *London* Merchant, who by the assiduous Care and Pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchas'd a large Estate in the country, keeps his Coach and six, enjoys more Affluence, Ease and Pleasure, than ever his Fore-fathers dream'd of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the Monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole County. But as your Town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two King-George-Halfpennies, or a *Wa---lpole* and a *Pu---ltney*; and as one  
Cap

Cap will fit both their Heads, I'll refer its further Character till I come to your favourite Town, *Liverpool*.

*Warrington* within these thirty years is grown a busy tradesman, who by a lucky hit or two, in Iron and Copper, has got new Life and Vigour, and with an equal Quantity of Hope and Resolution, dreams of being a great Man.

*Chester* seems to resemble an ancient Lord, of an old, but mongrel Descent; got between a Naked *Briton* and an encroaching *Sasson*, (or *Saxon*); has so much of the antique Blood in his Veins, that he's resolv'd his Servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He's proud of, and boasts his Pedigree from the old *Aborigines*. Lives in great Magnificence; scorns to make any Alterations, or Additions, in his Great-Great-Grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty Armour, or his old Mansion-House; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large ancient patrimony.

As for *Liverpool*, I'm at a loss for an Hieroglyphic, or a Comparison for it: Hold;----let me consider----ho, tis like a healthful Bee Hive. in a hot summer's Day. where all the Community (except  
a few



a few humming Drones) mind each their proper Business.-----No-----this will not do ;----for Bees fly from bitter Ale, and the Fumes of Tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad-ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolv'd to get Money in this World, tho' he goes plump to the Bottom of the Sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No,---this last Part does not tally neither.---Well, then, 'tis like a Gamester, who is resolv'd to be a Knight, or a Knitter of Caps. This is the best Draught of the three, but a little unlike the Original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious; for *Liverpool*, and its Twin-Brother, *Manchester*, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk Towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good natured Spirits: yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount *Strombulo* when in a Fit of the Ague, or in a Passion, as in such flow-moving Clouds of Tobacco Smoke, as are puffed out in the public Rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

Two Days ago I put on my old black Coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten Days, but I soon whipp'd it off again,

for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoak'd red Herring; and I believe I must either send it to the Fulling Mill (as our Country Folks do p---s'd and sh---n Blankets) or pickle it a few Months in Mint and Lavender-Water, before it will be in any tolerable Season. But tho' it is so disagreeable to me, yet Smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth Element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a Frog out of Ditch-Water in a warm *April*.

By the Time you have got thus far, 'tis very probable you'll think two Things; first, That this Epistle is too prolix; and that I write like no body else. I plead Guilty to both Indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

*I am, &c.*

T B.



*To T. P. Esq;*

With HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

**I** HERE send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last Week; but being in the Middle of their Perusal,  
and

and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You'll find in this Author some useful Anecdotes, a great number of obsolete Words, and many Mistakes in the Orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the Author and the Printer.

Were there no Date to any of his Letters, or any other Hint touching the times in which he liv'd ; his Stile, his Whims, and Notions, would tell you he liv'd in that most wise and learned Reign of our *Scotch-Solomon*, that famous and puissant Witch-monger.

*Howell's Philosophy* seems to be in its Infancy ; his Flattery at full Growth. His Faith was *Herculean*, like most of his Contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive Fathers, Saints. Their Writings he took (as the Lay-Pagans did Oracles) for infallible : Tho' at the same Time he knew they contradicted, anathematiz'd, and sent one another to the Devil, almost as commonly as we country Folks do Penance for getting Bastards. He never disputed the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, or Weapon Salve, though the Patient and Salve were a hundred Miles distant.

Witches and Dæmons, he thought, were as common as Old Women and Crows (especially in *Scotland* . He made no Baulks of believing the Stories and Prophecies of the *Ten Sibyls* ; though a Genius of small Penetration might see they were the Offspring of over zealous Christians, written on purpose to knock down Heathenism, and prop Christianity, that stood in no need of such ridiculous Crutches. Nay, the Throat of his *Welch* Faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand Virgins.

ALL these, and many more such Boyish Trumpery, were the Dreams of our primitive Fathers, and the Monks, their Heirs and Successors ; and vanish'd, in a great Measure, with that most high, and mightily-conceited, *James the First*. But let me quote this *Welchman Howell* for once; for he often tells his Friends, to whom he writes, “ That talking of these Things  
“ to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the  
“ Art of War to *Alexander*. ”

There is nothing you want, that I know of but Health ; this I wish you sincerely, being,

SIR, your most &c.

J. C.





To Mr. ROBERT GORTON,

In SALFORD.

*With the Picture of the Devil on Horseback.*

SIR,

*Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.*

WHEN I began to form the Design of Old *Belze* on Horseback, which you and your *Newcastle* Friend, order'd; I repented I had not enquired particularly what sort of a Devil you would have, *i. e.* whether you would have a black, or a red Devil; as white, green, yellow, or blue according to all Authors, are out of the Question: and also, what Colour of a Horse; and whether if he rid on a Mare, it would not do as well: But these necessary Queries being unfortunately neglected, I have been obliged to guess at the whole, and have now finished the Piece, presuming you'll not be so ungenerous as to turn it on my Hands, because I believe it will suit no other Person alive but your whimsical Friend.

If we can believe most Authors, ancient and modern, Clergy, and Laity; there

are many Legions of these aukward Spirits, some of which go about, and roar like Lions : Yet tho' there are such incredible Numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot imagine how I stood staring with the Chalk in my Hand, being quite non-plus'd when I begun to hunt for an Idea, as having never seen the least Glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old *Lucifer* might possibly be a Child of some Man's Fancy, in Times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had as good Authority as any other mortal to make a Devil of my own : So I fell to it, and drew out my Design, which pleas'd me tolerably well.

But, alas ! when I came to the colouring Part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what Colour to make his Gallopper. Here I had Thoughts of annihilating my whole Design, and giving up all Thoughts of proceeding : But suddenly recollecting that I had heard old Folks talk of the Devil upon Dun, I gave a Jump, as thinking I had clear'd the most knotty Point ; But, alas ! two Circumstances soon quash'd this sudden Joy.----- One was, Whether this Dun must be a a Horse, a Mare, or a Gelding ? And the other,

other, Whether it must be a fat, or a lean Nag? But not remembering any Author that had ever wrote on these abstruse points I resolv'd to guess at them; and accordingly have not only made him a Dun, but a sprightly, able Dun Horse: Because 'tis agreed on all Hands that he goes with surprizing Expedition; especially when employ'd by Court-Ladies in their Gallantries, their Husbands in Amours, or Ministers of State in all Treaties, which tend to Faith breaking, leaving their Allies in a Quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their Neighbours Territories: and so much for the Horse

As for the devil his Jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a Method to obviate all Objections, and made him ride in both. In short, he has the Horns of a *Scotch* Bullock on his Head; a dragon's Tail; a Negro's Hands and Face; a Lady's scarlet Capuchin on his Head and Shoulders; a Rake's Ruffles; a Parson's Coat; a Beau's Breeches; a Taylor's Gamashes; a Jockey's Whip; and a Lawyer's Saddle: So if this Horse, and this Jockey, will not please your fantastical Friend, you may  
tell

tell him when you write to him, that  
I'll never pretend to paint a Spirit again,  
whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.



*To Mr.* ROBERT WHITAKER.

SIR,

*Rochdale, Nov. 1755.*

**P**ERCEIVING that a *Dutch* Spirit of  
Gain, and the modern Court-Notion  
that Places were made for Men, and not  
Men for Places, has flipp'd down from the  
great Metropolis into this Parish; and  
believing that I have as much reason to  
be rich without deserving it, and to get  
Money without working for it, as any  
other in the neighbourhood: Revolving  
these Things in my Mind, and consider-  
ing the Utility of them, I have determin'd  
to offer myself as a third Candidate for  
the Place of Organist at our Church; and  
as you live at the Court-End of the Parish,  
where your Interest and Acquaintance  
are petty extensive, I desire you'll acquaint  
your



your, and my Friends, without loss of Time, with this my intention. In the mean Time, I'll improve myself in the Art of Music ; for you know I have a Pair of rully old Virginals in a Corner of the School, which have about eight Strings left out of forty-five, on which I'll begin to learn those godly Tunes of *Hackney*, *Coleshill*, and the *Babes in the Wood*, &c. with all possible Assiduity.

This Place, in my Opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else ; tho' I must own Nature never intended me for a Musician, yet that is little to the Purpose ; for you know our *Æsopian* Sexton has his Deputy, and why may not I ? besides, Sundays and other Holidays will never interfere with *A, B, C* ; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of Vowels and Consonants ! and Five Pounds a Quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the Pulse of our Friends, either separately, or in a full Meeting, let me know the Result ; If the Conclusion be that I should stand, i'll immediately write a few Advertisements in the print Hand, importing :

“ That as I am undoubtedly the worst Player of the three (for which Reason I stand

stand the best Chance) I desire all Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Weavers, Hatters, Taylors, Coblers, Tinkers, and Colliers, to give me their Votes and Interest, in procuring me the snug Convenience of Twenty Pounds a Year : That I will not only keep and indemnify the Parish from all Charges of repairing the Organ, but free it from all Hoarseness, disagreeable Whizzings Colds Phthysics, and Consumptions whatsoever. And as our late Organists have pretended to be Organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any Pipe, that then pure Necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its Belly, such as they wanted ; by which Means it has often been troubled with the Hiatus, or Windy-Cholic, and twice nearly gutted :

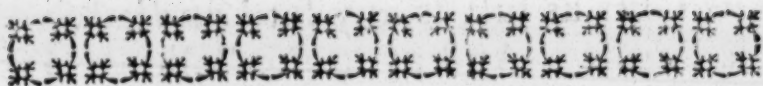
“ Now *Be it known unto all Men*, by this Advertisement, That I can bring indubitable Evidence, that I am no Organ-builder ; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present State of Body, but add yearly and every Year (during the Receipt of the Salary) seven Pipes (*Chester make*) till its Constitution be as sound as a Hunting-Horn,  
and

and its Guts as full as any fat Landlady's in the Parish. And as to the Bellows, I have just now contrived a Way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthifical Pair of Lungs in going up the Church-Steps in a frosty Morning." So much for my Advertisement.

These Proposals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our Parish, and I hope others will think so too ; for which Reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little Monarchs, who rule all with a high Hand, nay even with a Stroke down the Face, a Nod, or a Look ; and always are thrifty, in Proportion to the Smallness of their Families, and Largeness of their Bags, and Estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.



# LETTERS

In RHYME.

To RICHARD TOWNLEY, *Esq.*

SIR,

'T WAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequill*  
 Went for some Odds-and-Ends to *Reobdale*  
 With Charge to buy some Beef and Mutton,  
 But these, alas? were quite forgotten :  
 For lighting on some Friends, I sat  
 An Hour (my Wife says two) too late.  
 However, Chance threw in my Way  
 Some Dutton-Cockles, fresh as *May*,  
 Which well I knew would please Wife's Palate  
 Better than any Lamb and Sallet.

Quite free from Care, I spent the Hours,  
 Till Time bawl'd out, To Horse, To Horse ;  
 'Twas then the Wallet press'd my Shoulder,  
 And on I march'd, no Hussar bolder.

When I got Home (I hate to tell it)  
 I fell to emptying of my Wallet  
 Of Candles, Soap, and such like Stuff,  
 Of which Wed-Folks have ne'er enough :  
 But left the Cockles still at Bottom,  
 (Bought to keep Quietness when I got Home) ;  
 Then pour'd some Water out of Jug,  
 Mix'd with some Salt, into a Mug,  
 And turn'd the End of Wallet up,  
 For Fish (like other Folks) would sup.

'Tis



'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,  
 Chim'd ill with Cockles full and round :  
 But, far from smelling any Rat,  
 I took up this, and look'd at that,  
 But all were empty-----then I curst  
*Bill Porky*, as of knaves the worst,  
 For selling Nuts but ne'er a Kernel,  
 And wish'd him with the D-----l infernal.

Now searching on quite to the Bottom,  
 I found some Stones ;----though I, ah, rot 'em!  
 Poor *Billy Porky's* honest r  
 Than th' best of my Companions are ;  
 Unless the Fish could, all at once,  
 Slip from their shells, and turn to Stones.

A while I stood considering  
 The plaguy Oddness of the thing ;  
 Grop'd at my Eyes, lest it should prove  
 A Dream----but felt my eye-lids move :  
 I studied how I might come off,  
 Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh ;  
 Thought I, my Rib will think I joke her,  
 And brought home Shells just to provoke her ;  
 Or frowning tell me some mad tale,  
 Of minding nothing but good Ale.  
 Then, sighing, rais'd my Maudlin-Head,  
 Reel'd up the Stairs----and went to Bed.

No sooner up, but there's a Query,  
 Put by my loving Wife : Hight, *Mary*,  
 What Meat I'd bought ?----Why--nothing else,  
 But Pebble-Stones----and Cockle-Shells.



To Mr. C O W P E R.

Wine-Merchant, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR, Dec. 24th, 1761.

**A** Dizzy Head, and Thoughts o'th' ramble,  
Makes me to write without Preamble,

And bold as any Trooper ;

To let my Friend at Distance know,

The Plague and Trouble I go through,

Because of Mr *Cowper*.

For my *Crook'd-Rib*, each now and then,

Doth frowning ask me, Pray, Sir, when

May I expect my Mountain ?

I shrug my Shoulders----why----e'er long,

'Twill be at *Rocbdale*, good and strong,

And clear as any Fountain.

But as the Clock strikes at the Heels

Of the last Hour----so *Timmy* feels

His Ears stunn'd with this Question ;

When will my Wine and Brandy come ?

I clear my Weasand,——answer——mum——

Tho' I've your Word to rest on.

Perhaps your Pictures you expect,

Before I feel the warm effect.

Of your Care-killing Liquor !

But hark you. Sir, the Days are Dark,

And cold : *On then I bete aw Wark*,

As ill as any Vicar.

But in a Month, or two, at least,

Except the Sunwheel back to th' East,

You may except your Beauties ;

But in the mean time must I fast ?

Or guzzle Ale, not to my Taste ?

Nay, hang me on some Yew-Trees.

I from

I from my Cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,  
 Write with a troubled Mind,----believe,  
     And Wife in doleful Dumps :  
 For who can merry be, that's wife,  
 While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,  
     And vex'd with Jeers and Frumps ?  
 Pray send a Line, that I may say,  
 To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a Day.  
     Your Gossips' Nose shall job in  
 A Tankard made of Mountain-Wine,  
 Sweet Water, Nutmeg, Sugar fine.  
     And set at Rest

TIM. BOBBIN.



## The CUCKOW and OWL :

## A F A B L E.

**A** CUCKOW many Years had rang'd  
 Amongst the feather'd Kind,  
 To see if he a Mate could meet.  
     Would fix his roving Mind.  
 He tried all ; he loves but few,  
     For some too high did soar ;  
 Some were too little, some too big,  
     And some too ragg'd and poor.  
 At last he would a courting go,  
     To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,  
 Believing her the prettiest Bird  
     Of all the winged Fowl.  
 Transported with this odd conceit,  
     Away the Cuckow flew,  
 And in a very am'rous Strain,  
     He thus begins to woo.  
 Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,  
     Long Captive to your Charms,

Nor can it have a Moments Rest,  
 Till your soft Down it warms.  
 This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,  
 The Owl she turn'd her Face ;  
 As knowing Coyneſs whets an Edge,  
 And gives a better Grace.  
 Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,  
 But struggl'd for a kiſs ;  
 Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cry'd,  
 What melting Joy is this !  
 Thus thirteen Moons the Cuckow woo'd  
 Her Ladyſhip, the Owl,  
 Who thought her Sweetheart lov'd her more  
 Than Miller loves his Toll :  
 Becauſe he talk'd of Hymen's Nooſe,  
 And needs would have her go  
 To have it ty'd about their Necks,  
 By Help of Parſon Crow.  
 But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep  
 With Rev'rend Crow in Love ;  
 And hoping ſtill to make him her's,  
 The thing did not approve.  
 But leſt ſhe ſhould not gain the Crow,  
 ſhe would not flat deny  
 The roving Cuckows queer Requeſt,  
 Leſt ſhe alone ſhould lie.  
 The Cuckow ſinelt the cunning Jilt,  
 Too wiſe to be a Tool ;  
 And carries on the Farce a while,  
 To countermine the Owl.  
 For long he'd lov'd, and was eſteem'd  
 By the ſolitary Jay ;  
 To whom he flying, weds, and leaves  
 The Owl to Time a Prey.  
 For ſhe not pleaſing Parſon crow,  
 Wiſh'd ſhe'd the Cuckow then :  
 But 'twas too late, the Time was gone,  
 And would not come again.

Her



Her ruddy Face, so gay before,  
 Is turn'd a tarnish white ;  
 Her sprightly Mind, and brilliant Thoughts,  
 Are like the cloudy Night.  
 So now she haunts the lonely Woods,  
 And hoots in Barns by Night ;  
 Complaining of her fine spun Wit  
 And hates to see the Light.

### The M O R A L.

*THE Virgin thus in all the bloom of Life,  
 Is lov'd, and courted for a happy Wife ;  
 But she denies----expecting nobler Game,  
 Till Forty comes, and she's no more the same :  
 For Time is gone ;----then wishes vainly rise  
 She curses A'rice, and a Maid she dies.*



## The GARDINER and the ASS :

### A F A B L E.\*

#### P A R T I.

**A**N Ass with Poverty long strove,  
 And pastur'd in the Lanes,  
 Till, Hunger bit, he thus to Jove,  
 In rueful tone complains :  
 Ah ! hadst thou made me any beast,  
 That laden by doth pass,  
 Then had my Paunch been fill'd (at least)

Q 3:

With

\*There is something like a *Moral* at the End of this Tale ; but as *Timothy* cou'd not, wou'd not or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the genetal Scope of the Fable, as it ought to be ; he has left it (like a Skain of ruffled Silk) for hyperpolitical Critics to unravel.

With Straw----if not with Grass !  
*Jove* hears his Complaint, and soon doth end  
 A Fox, with this Advice,  
 Cheer up, and look more brisk my Friend,  
 Hunger should make thee wise :  
 Behold how gay the Fool and Knave,  
 Do stilly strut along :  
 The Rat is sleek, I fat and brave,  
 With Murder, Theft, and Wrong.  
 Look thro' that Fence, where spinage sweet,  
 And Coleworts green do grow,  
 The Lettice, and the juicy Beet ;  
 Then who'd be hungry now ?  
 The Ass pricks up his slouching Ears,  
 And into the Garden peeps :  
 He longs the more, the more he stares,  
 Then thro' the Hedge he creeps.  
*Balaam* promiscuously doth brouze  
 On Herbs, and choicest Flow'rs,  
 Till *Tom* the Gard'ner, doth him rouse,  
 And all his sweetness scours.  
 For so ! a heavy Club cries thwang  
 Upon the Ass's Side ;  
 He starts at this unwelcome Bang,  
 And o'er the Beds doth stride  
 The fine Glais Bells and Pots are broke,  
 Carnations fully blown,  
 Alike are ruin'd at a stroke,  
 And wholly overthrown !  
 The Gardiner distracted, sees  
 The Havock which he makes,  
 He flatters much, ---desires a Peace ;  
 And thus the Ass bespakes.  
 So, honest *Balaam* ; so, my Lad ;  
 Stand still.---I pr'ythee stand ;  
 The club is lost which late I had,  
 As witness now my Hand.  
 Thus, fawning, he with cautious Strides,  
Lays

Lays hold on *Balaam's* Fars,  
 Anst out of Paradise him guides,  
 To pay for all Repairs.  
 For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay  
 And *Balaam* stoop to th' Yoke,  
 By fetching Pots and Gla's next Day,  
 Instead of those he broke.

## II.

THE Morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*  
 Between the Crates is got,  
 And busy thrashing *Balaam's* Bum,  
 For blunders past, God wot !  
 The Ass bewails his dismal case,  
 And groans for freedom lost ;  
 And longs his Rider to displace,  
 From his triumphing Post,  
 When, lo ! he sees behind a Ditch,  
 Two thorny Bushes, where  
 He straight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,  
 And quits his Rider clear.  
 The Crates and *Tom* are left behind,  
 He sprauling in the Mud,  
 His Face is scratch'd, his Peepers blind  
 With mixed Mire and Blood.  
 Thus Crates and Saddle which, of late,  
*Tom* dauntless did bestride,  
 Mount in their turn-----thus mighty Fate  
 Doth humble human Pride !  
 He scrap'd his Clothes, he wash'd his Face,  
 And then for *Balaam* stares;  
 And saw him nibbling at the Grass,  
 Discharg'd of world'y cares.  
*Tom* swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be  
 On thee, by Hook or Crook ;  
 So with some pains and Flatt ry,  
 Again he *Balaam* took.  
 The Ass is saddled once again,  
 And *Tom* again him mounts ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to ride with careful Rein,  
 And make him clear Accounts.  
 He then bang'd on about a Mile,  
 Where he'd a Bridge to pass,  
 And *Balaam's* ready with a Wile,  
 As any other As :  
 For he was dry, or did pretend,  
 At least, for to be so ;  
*Tom* thinking he'd no other End,  
 So lets the Bridle go.  
 The As puts down his shaggy Pate,  
 Then tosses up his Rump,  
 And tumbles *Tom* from off his Seat,  
 Who lights i'th Water-----plump.  
*Balaam* now thought he'd freedom gain'd,  
 But as he march'd away,  
 He found his head was still restrain'd,  
 Tho' *Tom* i'th' Water lay.  
 For he'd the Bridle in his Hand,  
 By which the As did draw  
 Him bravely fous'd unto the Land,  
 Ill chagrin'd in his Maw.  
*Tom* had no sooner found his Feet,  
 But hanged at the As,  
 As if on purpose to be beat,  
 As Iron is, or Brass,  
 But now his Cudgel waxeth short,  
 And cooler grows his Ire ;  
 Yet mounting Steed is not his Sport,  
 Or trotting his Desire.  
 For hanging Bridle on his Arm,  
 He walks before the As,  
 As fearing that some greater Harm  
 Might quickly come to pass.  
 So time, who sees the End of things,  
 Doth half his journey see.  
 Where *Tom* his Pots and Glasses rings,  
 Poor *Balaam's* Load to be.

NOW



## III.

NOW *Tom* his brittle Ware doth pack  
 In Straw well mix'd, with care,  
 And lays them on the *Afs's* Back,  
 Which made him grunt and stare.  
 Howe'er, with Patience *Balaam* went,  
 Until he came unto  
 The Place where Will, or Accident.  
 So late his Master threw.  
 Nature, or Man's Contrivance, made  
 A high and lower Way ;  
 The one for such as love to wade,  
 One o'er a Wood-Bridge lay.  
 The *Afs* by Chance, or Choice, had got  
 Upon the higher road,  
 When *Tom* began to dread the Lot  
 Of his precarious Load.  
 No farther durst he drive the *Afs*,  
 Nor could he bring him back ;  
 And *Tom* in such Dilemma was,  
 As put his mind o'th' Rack.  
 Fear and Vexation fiercely mov'd  
 Like Light'ning thro' his breast,  
 Until his Fury Master prov'd,  
 And then he smote his breast.  
 The blow on *Balaam's* Nose did light,  
 Which drove his Head askew ;  
 A Foot behind slips off for Spight,  
 And all the rest o'erthrew.  
 Now, topsy-turvy, Bell and Pot  
 Do jingling tumble down  
 And *Balaam* lies with four Feet up,  
 Quite dead !-----or in a Swoon !  
 The Gard'ner, with uplifted Hands,  
 Extends his Mouth and Eyes,  
 And like a Marble Stature stands,  
 In terrible Surprise.

A neigh-

A neighbouring Tinker by doth come,  
 And shakes him by the Nose ;  
*Tom* answers with a Haw and Hum,  
 As People in a dole.  
 Then Index Finger he doth stretch,  
 And points at all his Woe ;  
 For look, said he, that clumsy Wretch  
 Is tumbled down below.  
 Well, tho' tis so, the Tinker says,  
 An Afs is but an Afs :  
*Tom* quick replies, That's not the Case,  
 He's broke my Pots and Glas !  
 The Tinker owns the Story bad,  
 But says-----Thy standing here  
 Will never mend it-----come, my Lad,  
 Let's view thy broken Geer.  
*Tom* and the Tinker now agree,  
 And soon unloose the Afs ;  
 Then roll him off the Crates, but he  
 Seem'd deadly stiff, alas !  
 Then both of them began to throw  
 Away the broken Ware ;  
 But those they found in *statu quo*,  
 Are pack'd again with care.  
 This done, the Tinker takes one Crate  
 And Saddle on his Back,  
*Tom* lifts the other on his Pate,  
 And homeward both do pack.  
 As on the Road they jogging went,  
*Tom* told the Story o'er ;  
 The Tinker did his Case lament :  
 But still he roundly swore,  
*Tom* was Fool in grain, to think  
 Of coping with an Afs ;  
 Since more we stir, the more we stink,  
 In every dirty Case.  
 The A's now left-----Contention fore  
 Arose between these two ;

*Tom*

Tom thought him dead----the Tinker swore  
 "No more than I, or you."  
 All Authors since do vary here,  
 In this mysterious Case.  
 Some write "he broke his neck", some swear  
 "He out-liv'd this disgrace."  
 Be this as't will. we'll leave him here,  
 'Twixt doubtful Life and Death ;  
 Expecting Time will make it clear,  
 If he still Live and Breath.

### The M O R A L.

SO have I seen a Ministry bestride,  
*A Common-Wealth, in all the Pomp of Pride :*  
*Who for the Public-good ne'er laid a Scheme,*  
*But dear Self-interest was their only aim ;*  
*And Nestl'd in the Umbrage of a Crown,*  
*Rode Jehu-like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.*  
*Brib'd S---n---rs, sold Vetes, to make us Pay,*  
*Three fifths to those, who squander'd all away :*  
*But now such Taxes ne'er before were known,*  
*Yet Knaves cry up the Times, when Freedoms flown.*  
*O glorious Times ! when Candles, and the Sun,*  
*Must yield them Thousands, or all's dark at Noon !*  
*The Red-streak Apple Golden-juice must yield,*  
*Like bits of Paper, or the steril Field :*  
*We feel the Yoke, and fatal ruin see,*  
*Yet dare not struggle for lost L-----y,*  
*But tho' at present all Things smoothly pass,*  
*Take care ye Jockies, lest ye Ride an ASS.*



### The three conceited BEAUTIES.

#### A F A B L E.

1st. **T**HREE Country Bumpkins chanc'd to meet,  
 Whose Phizzes look'd like Vizards :  
 The first, the second, thus doth greet ;

Thy

*Thy Face is like some Wizards!  
The ugliest of the ugliest sort,  
Thsu art, or I'm mistaken :  
Sure nature made thee all for sport,  
Or sight has me forsaken.*

*2d. But thou'rt all Beauty in thy looks,  
And ev'ry Feature's pleasing !  
This I wou'd swear on Twenty Books,  
But for my sin-encreasing.  
For sure thy Nose, thy Mouth, thy Eye,  
Wou'd suit no other mortal ;  
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,  
On entering grim Deaths Portal.*

*3d. The third, and ugliest of the Three,  
Said, Lord ! how your conceited !  
I cannot stand a Mute, and see,  
Two neighb'ring Friends, thus cheated.  
I wonder why such Mortals shou'd,  
About their Beauty fall out :  
Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd.  
From my poor Cottage crawl-out.  
For with an Ax, and Owler-tree,  
I'd make two Men as handsome :  
Or live a Slave in Tripoly  
And never Sue for ransom.*

### THE MORAL.

*THIS is an Emblem of all human kind ;  
We every one to our own Faults are blind :  
Nay, tho' th'y're blazing, them we cannot see :  
They're Beauties all, or pass from Censure free,*

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Lancashire Hob, and the Quack Doctor.*

A T A L E. 1762.

**A**THRIFTY Carl was tir'd of lonely Cot,  
Because the Tooth-Ach he so often got :  
Six Teeth were all he had to chew his Food ;  
All gave him Pain, but none could do him good.  
*Hob* hearing Rochdale Town did then contain  
A famous Quack, that drew Teeth without Pain



To him he flies, and, in a Voice as loud  
 As Stentor's, thus belpoke him thro' the Crowd  
*Ho-- onist Men wbot munneh gi' ye to drea*  
*A Tush ot pleaguës me awmust Neet on Dea ?*  
 Six-pence the Quack replies.---Hob spoke ag  
*On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawtmich Pein !*  
 Ho, well enough.---Quoth Hob, *Suppose I two,*  
*Yoan do for Neenpunce ? I'hat I will not do.*  
*Heaw monny then for Tweluepunce winneh po ?*  
 All that thou hast.---Quoth Hob, *They're just enoo.*

The Doctor took this for a Country Joke,  
 'Till he saw Hob hard pressing thro' the Folk,  
 And mount the Stage.----Quack now some Mirth  
 And sily for a Pair of Pincers sends ; [intends  
 Thinking he'd met one of those puny Fools  
 Would run away from such inhumane Tools.  
 Hob takes the Pincers *Vara Weel*, said he,  
*If they'n fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.*

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,  
 With open Mouth, in which the Quack did stare ;  
 Who laughing said, You have but fix, I find,  
 And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry Wind.  
*Better for yo, yo known ; do yo yer job.*

Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest Hob ;  
 Hold up your Head---Ob----here is one you see ;  
 Come, hold again --here's two--- Would you have  
*I think ot Mon's a For ; we bargint plene,* [three ?  
*Poo theese aw earwt, or set throse in ogen.*

If that be th' Case, hold up again, my Friend,  
 Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.

Hob now extends his his spacious Jaws so wide,  
 There's Room for Pincers, and good Light betwixt.  
 Cries Quack, here's three here's four Hob bawls out Ob,  
 Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do :  
 Come, gape again ;--here's five--here's six- and th' last,  
 And now I'm sure thy Tooth-Ach Pains are past.  
*That's reet quoth Hob, gi' me meh Teeth, on then*  
*I'll pey os freely os some Roycher Men.*

The Quack complies, and *Hob* his Twelve pence,  
Then, in dismounting, to the Mob thus said, [paid  
*They're arron Fooos ot Six pence pein for one,*  
*While for o Shilling I ha six jobs done.*

*But still they're bigger foes that live e pein,*  
*When good seawnd Teeth mey choance to come ogen.*

The Doctor stares----and hastily replies  
They come again ! not till the dead shall rise  
One single Tooth no more thy Jaws shall boast,  
I hold a Crown thou ev'ry Tooth hast lost.  
*Tis done* quoth *Hob* :----and stakes a Charles's crown  
The Quack as nimbly throws Five Shillings down.  
*Hob* takes up all and in a Neighbour's hand  
Secures the Total : then makes his Demand.

*Measler yo know earw Bet is, that Ive lost*  
*My Teeth ; and that I have not none to boast.*  
The Quack replies 'tis true ; and what by that ?  
*Wby, see I've six neww o eh meb owd Scull-bat.*  
*Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy Whom, I'll shew*  
*Yo e'ry Tooth, ot e meb meawth did groo.*

The Quack ill-vex'd he such a Bite shou'd meet  
Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, *Sur--good n. et.*



## The PLURALIST and Old SOLDIER.

*A Soldier maim'd, and in the Beggar's List,*  
*Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.*

SOL. **A**T *Guadalupe* my leg and Thigh I lost,  
No Pension have I, tho' its right I boast;  
Your reverence please some charity bestow,  
Heav'n will pay double---when you're there--  
you know.

PLU, Heaven pay me double! vagrant---know that I  
Ne'er give to Strollers, they're so apt to lye :  
Your Parish, and some work, would you become  
So haste away---or constable's your doom.

SOL. May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and  
then, You'

You'll say i'm poorer than the most of men :  
 When *Malbro* sieged *Lisse*, I first drew Breath;  
 And there my Father met untimely death ;  
 My Mother follow'd, of a broken Heart,  
 So I've no Friend, or Parish, for my Part.

PLU. I say, begone:---with that he loudly knocks,  
 And Timber-Toe began to smell the stocks;  
 Away he stumps---but in a rood, or two, [thro'.  
 He clear'd his weasand, and his thoughts broke

SOL. This'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach  
 Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach ;  
 But their Disguise, to common sense, is thin,  
 A Pocket button'd;---Hypocrite within. (face  
 Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain :  
 Who gives me Twelve-pence, and a curie, with  
 Grace,

But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,  
 These treble-pension'd-Parsons ever meet;  
 And when I die, may I still number'd be  
 With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.



### JOHN of GAUNT's LEASES imitated.

April, 1759.

BY this, R---d T---y, of B-- d, doth grant  
 To *John Clegg*, the Dyer, three things he doth  
 The Dye-House, as he many years hath it held [want  
 With Leave for two tenters to stand i'th greave-field;  
 Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;  
 One likewise the Field into two now divides :  
 The Brow, or the lower Part, of the said Field,  
 Together with all above mention'd, I yield  
 Unto the said Dyer, for his Life and mine,  
 Or whether lives longer : But then I confine  
 Him duly to pay me and mine, ev'ry year.  
 Three Pounds of good Money, and i'll Taxes bear.  
 One Half he at *Whitsuntide* strictly shall pay,  
 The other as duly each *Martinmas* Day.

To shew that the Dyer this Lease did not steal,  
Behold, here I fix both my Hand, and my Seal.  
*Sign'd and Seal'd this Day, before*  
*Two sober Mortals, and no more.*



## A N O T H E R.

**I**R-----d T-----y, of B-----d, the Younger,  
Do Grant to *John Collier*, for whether lives longer,  
The *Wheat-Field*, and th' *Byssings*, the Rent Four Pounds  
Which payment neglected, are both mine again: [ten  
That my Heirs may take Notice, *Know all*, that  
this came

From my hearty good will, so I here write my name,  
*Sign'd this Day, sons Fraud, or Guiles,*  
*Before* JAMES HASLAM,

Dec. 10. } and  
1758. } J. FILDES.



## The Ecclesiastical and Lay-Miser's S P E C U L U M.

*A Ryming Sermon, on the Decease of Dr.*  
**FORSTER**, the Pluralist,

From James. Chap. v. Ver. 1, 2, 3.

*Go ye Rich Men, weep and howl, ye know  
Your Garments Moth-eat: Riches canker'd grow:  
The Rust shall eat your Flesh, like Fires that glow.*

**H**EAR this, ye Gripes--ye blind insatiate Crew  
Whose Hoards abound--whose Heirs & Friend,  
And your own Fate in *Forster's* glass here vi w[are] few  
What's now become of all his griping Schemes,  
Of hoarding Wealth, which foster'd sliken dreams?  
The Flash is vanish'd like our Northern Gleams! (a)  
The sweetest Consolations Riches yield (b)

Fly



Fly quick, and whither, like a Flower o'th'Field(c)  
 You trust a broken Reed---a crazy Shield ! (d)

Woe to you Misers---you that live at Ease,  
 Who swallow up the Poor, your Wealth t'increase,  
 Your Mis'ries come: but tell me when they'll cease (e)

Can racking Tenants, and your treasur'd Wealth  
 Give calm Content, or purchase balmy Health ?

Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by Stealth?

No,---here you're feeble!---tho' this gloomy  
 Thought,

Torments the Mind, that time will not be bought,  
 Tho' Bags, and Chests, with mighty Gold are fraught.

Consider, now, if fordid Pelf will gain  
 A seat in Bliss, or ease one dying Pain ?

If not, from squeezing of the Poor refrain.

Expand your narrow minds----your Bags untie ;  
 Nor tremble when you give a Groat, for why ?  
 Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)

Relieve the Wants, and cherish the sad Heart  
 Of your poor Neighbours, who endure the Smart  
 Of meagre Want, that pierces like a Dart. (g)

But *Forster's* gone, whose Life we thought was  
 wrong,

And tho' the Devil at the Court be throng,  
 He'll fetch---who starts ?---another e'er't be long.



From a Scotch Gentleman at *Glas-*  
*gow*, to his Friend in *Manchester*.

S. I R,

I Mind your kindness, care, and pains  
 To shaw yer City, Streets, and Lanes : :  
 Yer stately Faubrics, on yer Toors  
 Mognificent, bet net lik ours :  
 Then te yer Kirk conducted me

R 3

The

(c) Luké vi. 25. (d) James i. i, ii. (e) James  
 v. i. (f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. i, 2.

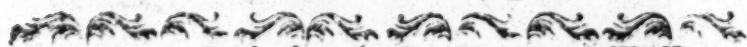


The waa o' Worship there to see,  
 Wher auld Bog-whistles soonded high,  
 And Quiristers did joyn the cry :  
 But dills the soond to grate the ear  
 Of a North-British Presbyter.

## The A N S W E R.

SIR,

**T**HAU you hawfe-brether Scoat de ken  
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whot the  
 Ye fleetight aur Fawbricks, Streets an toors  
 As net so stately queet as yours ;  
 Yet know, an auld Auk-chest may hood  
 Mare Wealth, than Screwtoore gelt with Goold ;  
 And in aur streets mare Baubees pass to  
 Yen another, than a Glasgow,  
 But yet I've something to say mare man,  
 Ye de net leek awr awld-kink Organ ;  
 Bet thinks a gude Bog-peep soonds sweeter  
 Thon that at Rayme play'd in St. Peter ;  
 Bet where's the marvel of aw this ?  
 T rampets flay Pigs, and Dols, and Geele.



## An Original LETTER, FROM A

*Welch Constable to a Country Inn-keeper  
 To Etwart Tavis.*

**I**WAS have it Warrant from too Shustices Pace,  
 which make Orter upon me, to make Orter upon  
 you, to make your Peer, at Mrs. *Werrat of Ret-lion-  
 FAUR*, upon the 17th tay of *Shuly* neis, to give  
 cose why you was not take it te Licensse for sell  
 Ale like unto oter Peoples. — Ay — want to give  
 it a very goot cose too ; why te Shustice which poth  
 all too, is very goot mans, will not give it his war-  
 rant upon you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles  
 — So te Werts of the Warrant is,

Ay

Ay——ant intect, I to tell unto you, it is a very pig shame why you was not take it like all te Popolls in te *Comtozeth*. For what purpose our goot Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur, make it no Law, as make Law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay——and you make te too pig fool upon our too Shustice ant tat is very true intect——for they poth all too was sent to you too times, ant make spoke to you very fronteoll put yeu was very pig agry, ant passuant, ant say, cot tam our goot Prenin! Shustices! Parlamen! constapls an all!——Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot——the Shustices poth all took very much agar at you: ay ant intect it will pe petter for you to come without making a pig troost: ay, ant a pig costis upon yourself ant will hurt your Fameel.——I do devise you to take my conger, or it will be worse for you: for you to know I was upon my swear to my Smyth: And pi cot hur will to hur.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you: ant I was fumion hur upon te twenty too tays

1758.

*John Jones of Goskisa Cunstap—for the  
Wrexham Regi——una Sheer——Timpy  
——ant John Skeston is my Prother Cunstap,  
and was upon the same Thinks with me——  
in pub——pith I was say ant to Farewell to you*



## A Lancashire LETTER,

From the Original,

Directed to Mr. John Scolfield, in Church-lane, Rochdale,

Desamber 10

1723.

**F**RAND John Scolfield I have sand you a Barle of  
Offers by John Tistler and I desire you to sand  
me word on you Lick tham so I book the Basse I  
could

could in oll *London*; and the man said he wold hop-  
 should them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you  
 to youes tham ascoun as you can ConfeneLy and  
 I desire you to sand me worde whear you wei hafe  
 a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes Gorenne But if  
 ther be ane outhere sorte that you thank you canlike  
 Better nor tham that I hafe sand you, I desire you  
 to lat me no, and I will do Bast I can for you in any  
 respeck, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had rit to  
 you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing  
 atall for whe hafe had a sad mesforton at ouerhoue  
 for whe hafe had ouer house Broeke and whe hafe  
 about 400rgo poundesworth of plate stole out of side  
 Bourde, and asers Bede sad thaaf sarsens most lie  
 gelte of et, and I was nefer in so much troubel a-  
 bout nothing in all my Life: But my mesters and  
 I whant to *Johnten* whild thef Cakeher in the *ould*  
*Bale* & he toulds hou the got in house, my mestres sade  
 she was glad that har sarsens was clare and there  
 was another hous Brouk thes Last nite in our firt  
 Bout got 20 shelen in hapens in a grofers shope  
 and the wack satham and the ranawate and I bought  
 a congel crouke for *Harry Bamfard*. and et came  
 douns in a bockes to mrs. *stott* and I horderd tham  
 to Lefard to you, and I relased 2 shilen tordet, and  
 and et cost hafe a croune, and I desire you to them  
 that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in  
 the shope Mr. *Scyseld* I desire you to gife my sarses  
 to hefere body that hackes hafter me. sonomore betw  
 your most homble sarsant

*Robert Shore,*

### Another from the Original.

*Holkem Ferry 26 1752*

**R**Obert *Ashworth* you must order that Pes that  
 I Leveret you to this Pateran and you must  
 Goo to witet her, and tak 1 pes of *Alce Jander Pfei-*  
*kater*. It is Rert op to chemlepes In Grates It is a  
 sienworn

finewon that you most Get et A doboll bllu and dou  
your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee pf for I  
want them In my Shop. Pot Som Sop to them and  
I will pee you.

## A Yorkshire LETTER

To an ATTORNEY, for his Advice,

SUR

**G** Anging dreely odt' Loyn anent t' Brigg weet  
cout odt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Masfledin  
on him, an a bran Spau New Skeele it ruther, ot i'd  
gust gean yan on Eleimpence for : two griesly Ill-  
fav'r'd Key o' *Jenny Lund's* lawpt fra amangit Whinns,  
Or I thouht theyd baith a gaen full burr ower me :  
sa I puncht Dout to gar him gan odt toan side, an  
he bein skaddle ga s'e a Lawpok if war sore flay'd  
wad a swithurt ma intut Dyke, Sa I war fain to lig  
t'Skeele ot Grund an elick hawd odt Poke, an  
while I war doin tat, yan odt Kye whimled ower  
it, trade out, on dang it to tatters, Query dur,  
Woont *Jenny Lund* be like to make Satisfackihon ?



## E P I T A P H S,

On Jo. GREEN, late Sexton at Rochdale,

**H**ERE lies Jo. Green, who arch has been,  
And drove a gainful trade

With powerful Death, 'till, out of Breath,

He threw away his Spade.

When Death beheld his comrade yield,

He, like a cunning Knave,

Came, soft as Wind, poor Jo. behind,

And push'd him int' his Grave.

Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,

Since Jo. Green's tongue and Chin can wag no more,

On



On Mr. JOHN HAMER, Mathematician, late  
of Rochdale.

**H**O, Passenger ! see who lies here ;  
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing ;  
'Tis *Hamer*, the Philosopher,  
Whose Bellows have done blowing  
An arch and jovial Wight he was,  
And skill'd in *Newton's* Notions ;  
He could demonstrate by his Glass,  
The twirl'o'th' heavenly Motions.  
*Copernicus's* System he  
Prov'd true, by Quart and candle ;  
And Harvest-Moons familiarly.  
Like full Punch-Bowls did handle.  
Ah me ? what Pity 'tis he's gone !  
Say, Mortals, how it could be,  
That he was cramm'd beneath this stone,  
Where Fools and Misers should be.

On Dr Forster, late Vicar of Rochdale.

**F**ULL three Feet deep beneath this stone  
Lies our late Vicar *Eoster*,  
Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very Bone,  
But said no Pater Noster.  
By ev'ry squeezing Way, 'tis said,  
Eight Hundred he rais'd yearly :  
Yet not a six-pence of this paid  
To th' Curate-----this looks queerly !  
His tenants all now praise the Lord  
With Hands lift up, and clapping.  
And thank grim death, with one accord,  
That he has ta'en him napping.  
To *Lambeth's* Lord now let us pray,  
No *Pluralist* he'll lend us ;  
But should he do't, what must we say  
Why-----Lord above defend us !

The





# The AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

*A* Yard beneath this heavy Stone,  
 Lies Jack-of-all-Trades, good at none,  
*A Weaver first, and then Shcool-Master ;*  
*A Scrivener next: then Poetaster.*  
*A Painter, Graver. and a Fluter,*  
*And Fame doth whisper, a C-----r:*  
*An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark:*  
 E Whoo-who-who, whot whofoo wark !  
 He's last um aw, to lie ith dark !

F I N I S.



